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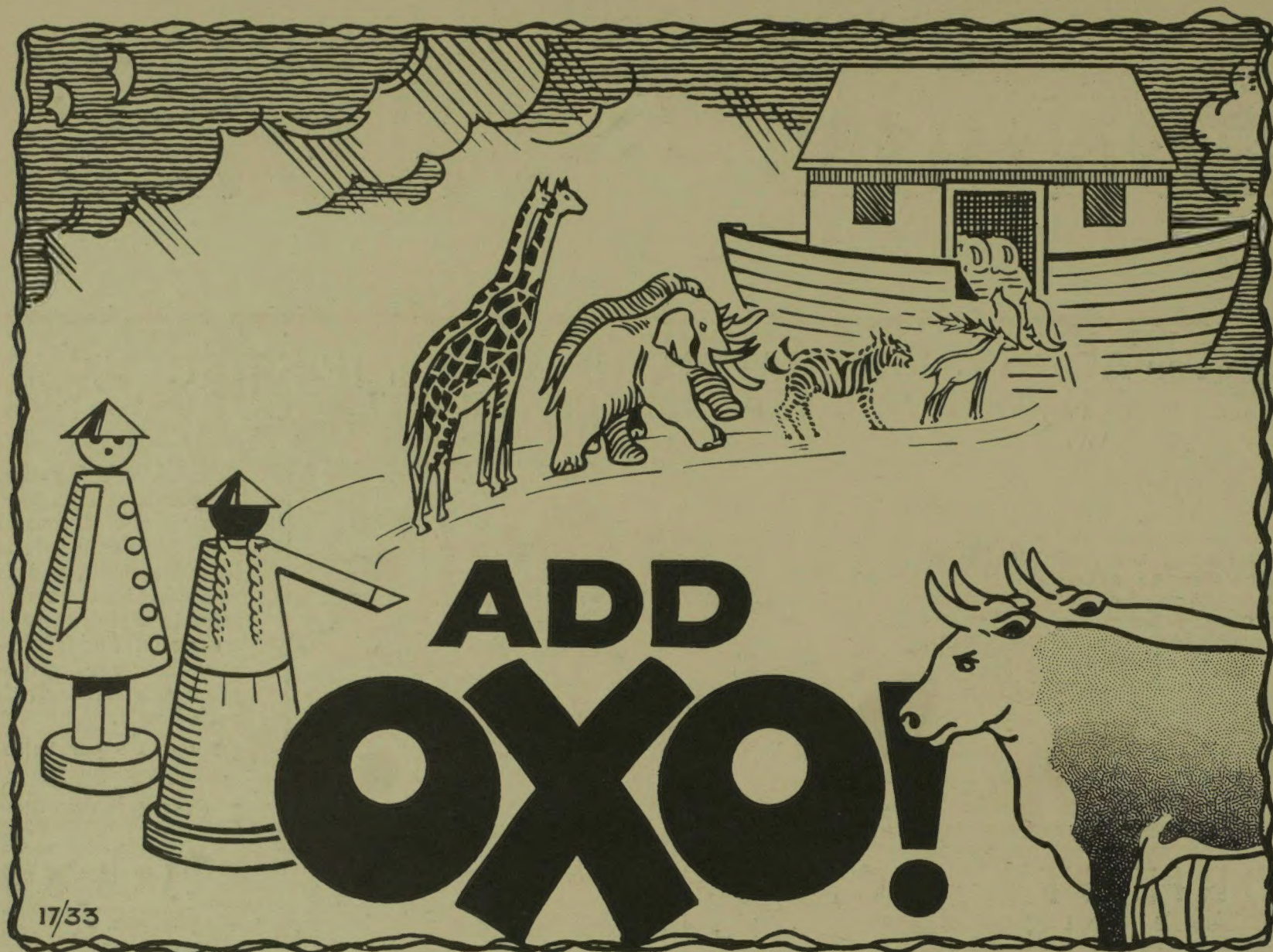
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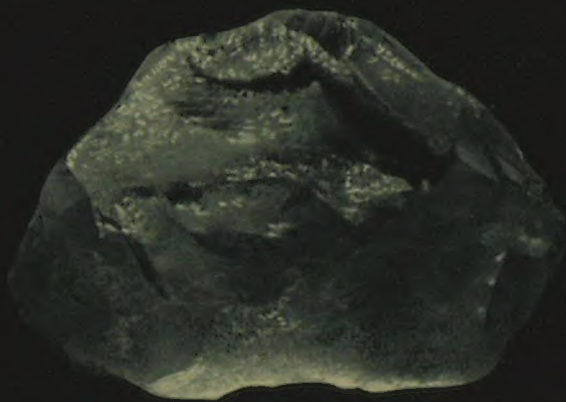
LONDON

NEWS



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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1934.



THE NEWLY-FOUND JONKHER DIAMOND—ACTUAL SIZE: A 726-CARAT STONE MEASURING 2½ INCHES LONG, THE WORLD'S FOURTH LARGEST, AND FINEST IN COLOUR.—(ABOVE) A VERTICAL VIEW, (BELOW) HORIZONTAL.

In our issue of January 27 we illustrated various historic diamonds, including the great Cullinan (3025½ carats), for comparison with the recently discovered Jonkher Diamond, sold for £63,000, and we are now able to show this stone itself, in its actual size. Mr. H. W. Chapman, chief Diamond Valuator of the De Beers Company, writes: "The Jonkher Diamond found on January 16, 1934, by a native working in the claim of Mr. Jacobus Jonkher at the Elandsfontein Diggings, was sold to Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, Chairman of the Diamond Corporation, Ltd., and De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

It weighs 726 carats and is the fourth largest in the world. In colour—a soft silky blue—it is the finest of all the larger stones in existence. Its dimensions are—length, 2½ inches; circumference lengthwise, 6½ inches; and at broadest part, 4½ inches. In shape it is almost a miniature replica of the Cullinan. It can be cut into a single brilliant or two large marquises or emerald cuts. The diamond is flawless except for a slight surface crack, which will not interfere in the cutting to any extent. If cut into a single stone, it will be the finest gem in the world, though not the largest."

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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN dealing with such things as Prohibition, I have sometimes had occasion to mention Puritanism. Disputes have arisen about this word, and about how far it is fair to associate it at least with a mild shade of pessimism. Sporadic attempts are made to modify this strong popular impression; and I saw an article the other day which largely turned upon a statement that Calvin was allowed to play with darts. As I have not the least desire to be unfair to Puritans, I think I should like to sum up what seems to me the substantial historical truth of the matter, and the real point of the whole story. So far as I am concerned, the point is not so much against Calvin as against Calvinism; and not so much even against Calvinism as against that much less logical Modernism which has taught everybody in our time that religious error does not matter. It matters very much in two ways; and Puritanism is a striking historical example of both. First: something that might well seem to sensible people to be only a fine shade of thought, merely theoretical and theological, does, in fact, change the mind. It produces a mood which does darken the world, or some particular part of the world. About the degree of the darkness or the density of the cloud, we may well differ; but it is a matter of common sense to see where the cloud did or does rest. Nobody will dare to maintain that the Scottish Sabbath has not in fact been more strict than the English Sunday, let alone the Continental Sunday. Everyone knows that it was the Puritans who objected to Archbishop Laud's famous publication on the subject; everyone knows that they objected to his Book of Sports because it was a book of sports; everyone knows that they thought the sports too sportive. Attempts to explain away solid outstanding historical facts of this kind are altogether fanciful. But it does not follow that every founder of every sect involved attached supreme importance to this particular point; some of them did; some of them did not. The whole movement grew gradually from various roots, but this is what it grew to be. A man alive in the middle of the Renaissance, speculating about a system of Presbyters which he had not yet begun to found, amid a thousand others speculating about a thousand other things, would not, of course, become instantly identical with a Presbyterian minister of modern times. He would not begin on the spot to grow the black top-hat and bushy whiskers of a Scottish elder or precentor in one of Sir James Barrie's plays or stories. *Nemo repente fit turpissimus*. Which it would doubtless be very unfair to translate as "No one suddenly becomes a precentor."

But there is another historical process involved. It is much more curious, and it has been much more curiously neglected. One special form of the harm done by the extreme sects in the seventeenth century was this: that they really died young, and that what has infected our culture since has not been their life, or even their death, but rather their decay. In most cases the Puritans lost their religion and retained their morality; a deplorable state of things for anybody. If the special narrow theologies had not perished as rapidly as they did, the atmospheric moral mood would not have lingered on exactly in the way it did. But, above all, it permitted of a process which seems to me one of the strangest and most interesting in human history, but does not seem as yet to have been noticed by historians. It is rather like the geological process of the formation of a fossil. Everyone knows that a fossil fish is not a fish; nor a fossil bird a bird. I do not mean merely in the obvious sense; that we should be surprised—nay, annoyed—in a restaurant, if we asked for a fish and they gave us a stone. I mean that a fossil is a form in which remains no actual fragment of a fish. It is a hollow mould or image of a fish, which is very gradually filled up by the infiltration of something else, after the actual fish has decayed. Thus we find the



THE FAMOUS PREFECT OF THE PARIS POLICE WHOSE REMOVAL CAUSED A FRENCH CABINET CRISIS: M. JEAN CHIAPPE, WHO REFUSED THE POST OF RESIDENT-GENERAL IN MOROCCO.

A great stir was caused in French political circles by the action of the Premier, M. Daladier, in removing from office M. Chiappe, the famous and popular Prefect of the Paris Police. He was offered instead the post of Resident-General of Morocco, but declined it indignantly; and, in protest against his virtual dismissal, the Ministers of War and Finance (Colonel Fabry and M. Piétri) resigned. M. Chiappe's removal was reported to have been due to the Socialists, who, it was said, threatened otherwise to oppose M. Daladier's Government. The chief of the Sûreté and the Public Prosecutor were at the same time transferred to other posts. In view of allegations of police shortcomings in the Stavisky affair, M. Chiappe issued a statement saying that he had only seen Stavisky once for two minutes, and denying that he had ever known Mme. Stavisky. M. Chiappe is a Corsican, and was born in 1888 near Napoleon's birthplace at Ajaccio. He has served in the Ministry of the Interior over thirty years, and during the war was head of the Secret Political Intelligence Department. He became Chief of the Sûreté in 1924 and Prefect of the Paris Police in 1927. In this latter post he showed great organising capacity, and introduced various modern innovations. The one-way traffic system, for example, originated in Paris. A portrait of his successor as Prefect of Police, M. Bonnefoy-Sibour, appears on opposite page.

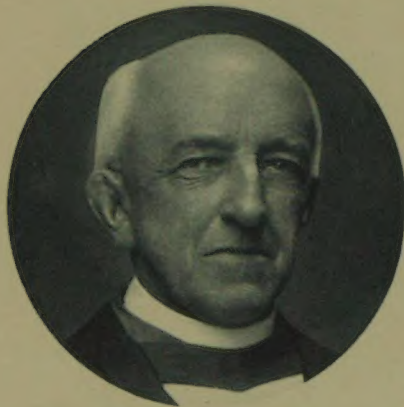
general outline of these stony and very literal faiths filled up by something else when the old fanaticism has decayed. There are two great modern examples of that creepy and uncanny historical transmutation. One is what we call Prohibition, and the other is what we call Prussianism.

The point is perhaps clearest in the case of Prohibition. The old original Puritans were not Prohibitionists. Oliver Cromwell was a brewer; but he was not inspired or intoxicated by beer, nor (like the teetotalers) inspired and intoxicated by the absence of beer. Whatever his faults, he did most certainly have a real religion, in the sense of a creed. But it was a sombre creed, one which had been made intentionally more stern and ruthless than the other creeds; and this created a new mood and moral atmosphere which ultimately spread all over the great plains of Puritan America. Now the point is this: that as the creed crumbled slowly as a creed, its place was taken by something vaguer but of the same general spirit. The sombre theological system was replaced by a sombre social theory. You can put it another way if you like, and say that America tolerated Prohibition; not because America was Puritan, but because America had been Puritan. The idea of morality that came to prevail till lately at least was in every sense a survival of Puritanism, even if it was also in a sense a substitute for Puritanism. That is the essential history of that curious episode; the teetotal ethic of modern times. Prohibition was not a part of the origin of Puritanism; none the less, Prohibition was a thing of Puritan origin.

The same is true of the religious fanaticism that filled Germany in the Thirty Years' War; as compared with the national or tribal fanaticism that now fills Germany after the Great War. The old fanatics who followed Gustavus Adolphus and William of Orange were not ethnologists or evolutionists. They did not imagine that they belonged to a Nordic Race; they most certainly did not imagine that they or theirs had ever been bothered with a Swastika. They saluted the cross or they smashed the cross; but it had not occurred to them to tap the four ends of it so as to turn it into a fragment of Chinese or Red Indian decoration. They were thinking about their own strictly religious scruples and schisms. They were really fighting fiercely and savagely for points of doctrine; and I should be the last to blame them for it. But those doctrines did not last; they were the very doctrines that have now long been dissolving in the acids of German scepticism, in the laboratories of the Prussian professors. And the more they evaporated and left a void, the more the void was filled up with new and boiling elements; with tribalism, with militarism, with imperialism, and (in short) with that very narrow type of patriotism that we call Prussianism.

Most of us would agree that this kind of patriotism is a considerable peril to every other kind of patriotism. That is the whole evil of the ethnological type of loyalty. Settled States can respect themselves, and also respect each other; because they can claim the right to defend their own frontiers and yet not deny their duty to recognise other people's frontiers. But the racial spirit is a restless spirit; it does not go by frontiers but by the wandering of the blood. It is not so much as if France were at war with Spain; but rather as if the Gypsies were more or less at war with everybody. You can have a League of Nations, but you could hardly have a League of Tribes. When the Tribe is on the march, it is apt to forget leagues—not to mention frontiers. But my immediate interest in this flood of tribalism is that it has since poured into the empty hollows left by the slow drying-up of the great Deluge of the Thirty Years' War; and that all this new and naked nationalism has come to many modern men as a substitute for their dead religion.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



THE BISHOP OF SWANSEA AND BRECON.
Dr. Bevan, first Bishop of Swansea and Brecon. Died February 2; aged seventy-two. Vicar of Brecon, 1897-1921, and also Rural Dean. Archdeacon of Brecon, 1907-1923. Bishop Suffragan of Swansea, 1915; Bishop in 1923.



THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR EGYPT: SIR MILES LAMPSON AT ALEXANDRIA ON HIS WAY BACK FROM CHINA TO ENGLAND.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph writes: "Sir Miles Lampson, the new High Commissioner for Egypt, stayed a few days in Egypt, when returning from China. In the photograph are (l. to r.) Col. FitzPatrick Bey, Mr. Heathcote-Smith, Group-Capt. Fowler, Sir Miles Lampson, and Capt. Drew, pilot of the Imperial Airways flying-boat "Sylvanus," on which Sir Miles embarked.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



BISHOP TALBOT.

The great Churchman and friend of Gladstone. Died January 30; aged ninety. First Warden of Keble College, 1870. Vicar of Leeds, 1888. Bishop of Rochester, 1895; of Southwark, 1905; and of Winchester, 1911-1923.



M. BONNEFOY-SIBOUR.

Prefect of the Department of Seine-et-Oise. Appointed to succeed M. Chlappe as Prefect of Police in Paris. He was reported to have been told by the Government that "one single demonstration would mean his dismissal."



PROFESSOR HABER.

A famous German chemist and a Nobel Prize-winner, who, by the discovery of a means for the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, secured Germany a permanent supply of explosives during the war. Died January 29—in voluntary exile. He was a Jew.



CONSORT OF THE FUTURE EMPEROR OF MANCHUKUO: THE EX-EMPRESS OF CHINA.

As we noted in our issue of January 27, under a portrait of the ex-Emperor of China, it was arranged that the ex-Emperor should be enthroned on March 1 as the first Emperor of Manchukuo (formerly Manchuria) established as an independent State in 1932, with the ex-Emperor as chief executive or Regent.



SIR ROBERT CLIVE.

Minister at the Vatican. Appointed Ambassador at Tokyo in succession to Sir Francis Lindley, who is shortly retiring. Minister in Teheran, 1926-1931; served in Tokyo and other capitals before being Counsellor of Embassy, Peking, 1920.



MR. WALTER WELLMAN.

The aeronaut famous for his attempts at exploration by airship made before the war. Died January 31; aged seventy-five. Attempted to reach North Pole by airship, 1907 and 1909. Attempted to cross the Atlantic by airship, 1910, at which period this photograph was taken.

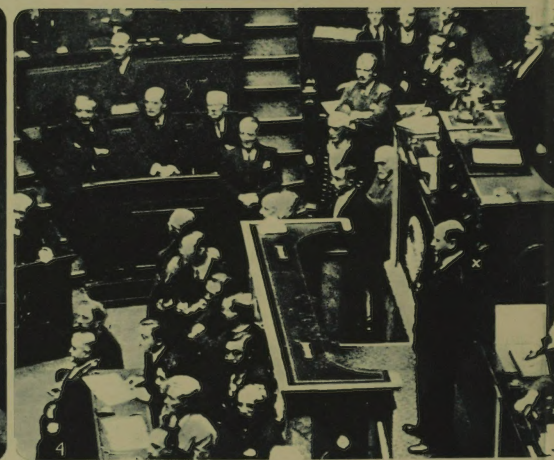


POINTING OUT THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THE JONKHER DIAMOND WAS DISCOVERED: THE PATCH OF SOUTH AFRICAN SOIL THAT YIELDED A STONE SOLD FOR £63,000.
As noted under the photographs of the Jonkher Diamond on our front page, it takes its name from Mr. Jacobus Jonkher, owner of the claim at Elandsfontein where it was picked up, on January 16, by a native assistant. The place is three miles from the scene of the discovery of the great Cullinan Diamond in 1905. Mr. Jonkher has been prospecting in the neighbourhood of the Premier Diamond Mine for eighteen years. It was reported that, on the night after



THE BIG DIAMOND'S FIRST OWNER BEGINS TO USE HIS NEW WEALTH: MR. JACOBUS JONKHER (THIRD FROM LEFT) AND HIS SON (EXTREME LEFT) BUYING A VAUXHALL CAR.
his diamond was found, it was secreted in a stocking tied round his wife's neck, and she retired to bed while the rest of the family and a neighbour sat up till dawn with loaded revolvers. Mr. Jonkher sold the diamond next day in Johannesburg for £63,000. He is said to have remarked, after the deal was completed: "I am going to buy a farm; also a top hat and a frock coat to wear when I go to church."

FIERCE RIOTING AND FIRING IN THE STREETS OF PARIS: TELEPHOTOGRAPHS OF A NIGHT OF TERROR.



1. RIOTERS CARRYING AWAY A SHOT COMRADE.

2. A GROUP OF RIOTERS REMOVING ONE OF THE MANY HUNDRED INJURED.

3. A FIREMAN WITH A HOSE READY FOR USE AGAINST RIOTERS.

4. M. DALADIER (X) FACING THE CHAMBER, WHERE HE SUCCEEDED IN OBTAINING THREE VOTES OF CONFIDENCE DURING THE PARIS RIOTS.

5. A BONFIRE MADE BY THE DEMONSTRATORS IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

6. COMMUNISTS ERECTING A BARRICADE OF CEMENT BAGS.

Political rioting of extraordinary violence took place all over Paris on the evening and night of February 6, and a certain number of troops were brought into action to support the police. The fiercest fighting was centred in the Place de la Concorde and outside the Hôtel de Ville, where the rioters were fired on and there were many casualties. An official report issued on February 7, gave the dead at six and the injured at about three

hundred. The Ministry of Marine was set on fire, and the Chamber of Deputies, where a session was in progress, was in a state of siege. The rioters were drawn from extremists of the Right and of the Left. Royalists, on the one hand, including members of the Camélots du Roy and of the Jeunesse Patriote, and Communists on the other, attacked Police, Gardes Civiles, Gardes Mobiles, and Gardes Républicains, engaging them in armed



7. FIREMEN ATTEMPTING TO EXTINGUISH A BURNING BUS IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, BENEATH THE FAMOUS EGYPTIAN OBELISK: THE SCENE OF THE WORST RIOTING IN PARIS SINCE THE DAYS OF THE COMMUNE.

8. THE MINISTRY OF MARINE, AT THE CORNER OF THE RUE ROYALE AND THE RUE DE RIVOLI, SET ON FIRE: THE PRINCIPAL ITEM IN THE MANY MILLIONS OF FRANCS' WORTH OF DAMAGE DONE.

conflicts; while more fighting took place between rival bands of demonstrators. About ten thousand ex-Servicemen, with war flags flying, marched in formation down the Champs Elysées, towards the Place de la Concorde, shouting "Mort à Daladier!" and were charged by mounted Gardes Républicains with drawn swords. In all, the rioters were estimated, by the Prefect of Police, as being 50,000 strong. About fifty private motor-cars, ten

buses and trams, and about forty newspaper kiosks were burned; and the streets, the next morning, remained littered with iron bolts, bricks and lengths of iron piping used as weapons. Meanwhile, M. Daladier, who faced pandemonium in the Chamber of Deputies, obtained three votes of confidence. It was considered very doubtful, however, whether his Government would survive long, especially as more rioting was threatened for February 7.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: PICTORIAL AT HOME



THE GREAT GOLD RUSH BY AIRPLANE FROM PARIS TO LONDON: THE WORK OF UNLOADING A CARGO OF BULLION FROM AN AIRLINER AT CROYDON AND PLACING THE BOXES OF GOLD ON AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS TRUCK.

One of the effects of President Roosevelt's new valuation of the dollar was to cause great activity in the transmission of gold. On February 6, Imperial Airways aeroplanes, including giant 42-ester, besides other machines, were engaged in carrying gold for the Bank of England from Paris to London. Ten aircraft took part in the rush, bringing 20 tons of gold, worth in all about £2,000,000.



GATTON PARK, WITH ITS PRICELESS ART TREASURES, GUTTED BY FIRE: THE DINING-ROOM AS IT WAS; SHOWING STUART CHAIRS, AN ELIZABETHAN TABLE, AND PICTURES—ALL OF THEM DESTROYED.

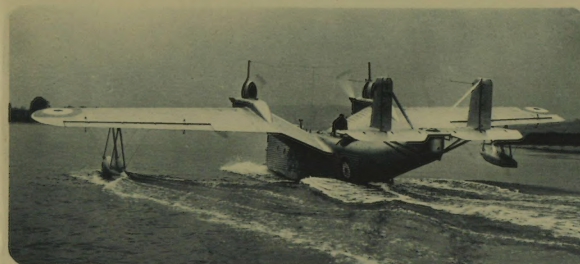
The historic mansion at Gatton Park, near Mersham, Surrey, the home of Sir Jeremiah Colman for about forty-five years, was almost entirely destroyed by fire on the morning of February 4. A wonderful collection of art treasures, including furniture, silver and gold plate, first and early editions, and a large number of pictures and drawings by old and modern masters, was for the most



THE SOVIET "DICTION" M. VOROSHILOV (L.) AND M.

AT THE STATE FUNERAL OF THE DEAD BALLOONISTS IN MOSCOW: M. STALIN (CENTRE) MOLOTOV (R.) BEARING THE URN CONTAINING THE ASHES IN PROCESSION TO THE KREMLIN. eye-witnesses, the tragedy occurred during the descent. When the envelope was torn away, two explosions were heard. Instruments and other objects in the gondola were mostly destroyed. The Communist Congress resolved that the ashes should be placed in the wall of the Kremlin, near Lenin's Mausoleum. Urns containing ashes of Bolshevik leaders are immured there. Our left-hand photograph shows Fedosenko (the pilot) and the student Ulyskin in the gondola shortly before the ascent.

RECORDS OF MEMORABLE HAPPENINGS AND ABROAD.



A NEW MILITARY FLYING-BOAT OF UNUSUAL WING-DESIGN: THE MACHINE RECENTLY LAUNCHED BY MESSRS. SHORT BROTHERS, OF ROCHESTER.

A military flying-boat of unusual design was launched recently by Messrs. Short Brothers. It is a two-engined monoplane with a wing-span of 60 ft. The wing is swept upwards from the fuselage for nearly one-third of the span and then carried on to the tips at a much more gentle angle; this being designed so as to raise the wing well above the water so that engines and airscrew are clear of spray. Two Rolls-Royce steam-cooled experimental engines are mounted.



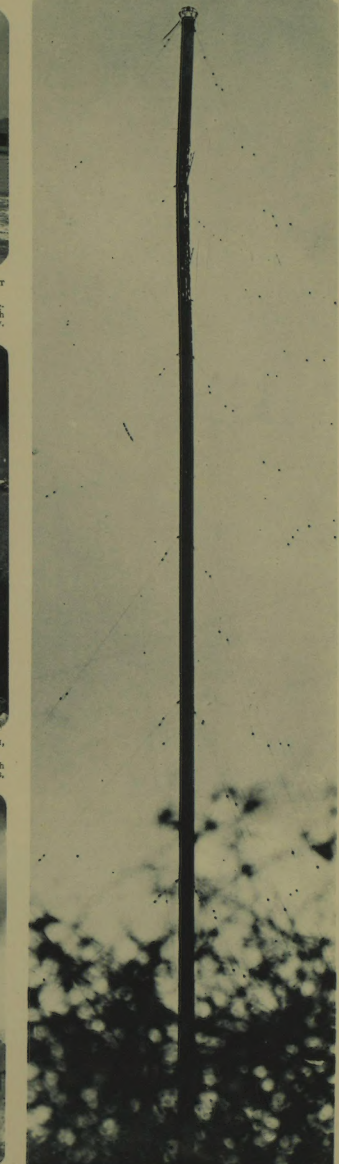
THE FIRE AT GATTON PARK AT ITS HEIGHT: THE HISTORIC MANSION OF SIR JEREMIAH COLMAN, NEAR MERSHAM, SURREY, ALMOST ENTIRELY DESTROYED, WITH ITS CONTENTS.

part lost. The house contained a famous Marble Hall, which was destroyed—a replica of the Cosini Chapel at Rome, lined with beautiful marble from all parts of the world. The contents of the dining-room were destroyed, including two pictures by G. F. Watts, "Love and Life" and "Love and Death." There were no personal injuries in the fire.



A FINE WEST-COUNTRY METHODIST CHURCH DESTROYED BY FIRE: VICTORIA CHURCH, WESTON-SUPER-MARE, BURNING

FERVENTLY—BEING ENTIRELY GUTTED. Victoria Methodist Church, Station Road, Weston-super-Mare, one of the finest Free Church buildings in the West Country, was reduced by fire to a bare shell on February 5. The church was erected thirty years ago. When the outbreak was discovered by the police the interior was already slight from end to end. The church cost £11,000 to build. Only the vestry, the class-room, and the caretaker's house were saved. The spire, 120 ft. high, remained standing. There were severe explosions when the large windows blew out and the roof collapsed.



A WIRELESS MAST BURNED AT WALTHAM; THE STATION THAT GAVE THE FLEET THE WAR SIGNAL IN 1914.

A 440-ft. mast at the Admiralty wireless station, Waltham, near Grimsby, which for over 24 hours had been on fire, collapsed on February 1, dragging with it its supports. It was from this station that the message that Britain was at war was signalled to the fleet in 1914. The mast had a wooden core, and the fire spread to the base.

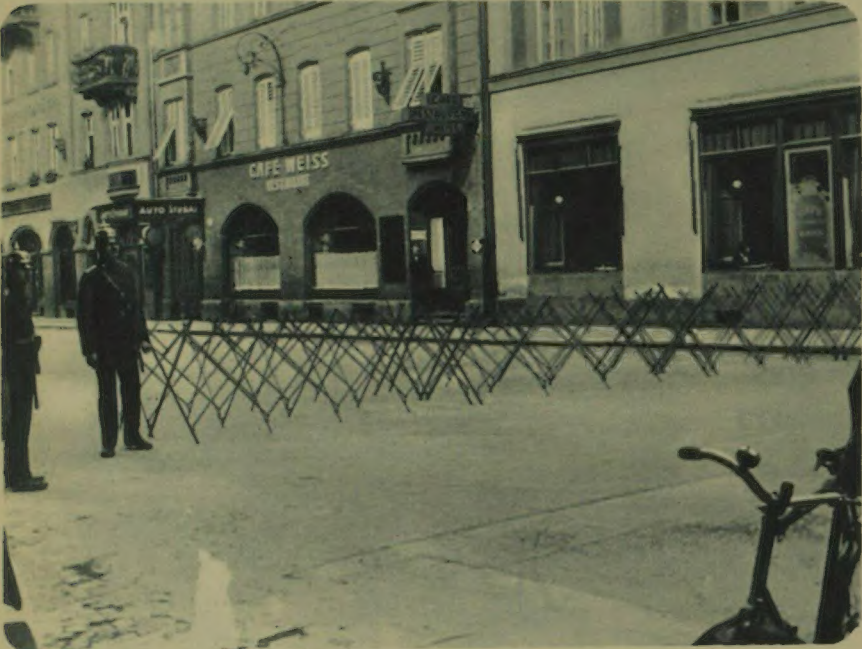


THE RUSSIAN STRATOSPHERE FLIGHT DISASTER: THE BALLOON JUST BEFORE ITS 13-MILE ASCENT AND SUBSEQUENT CRASH.

The Soviet balloon "Osoaviakhim" crashed on January 30, after its reported record ascent of over 13 miles into the stratosphere. The start had been made 8 miles from Moscow, and the wreckage was found 350 miles away. An official announcement stated: "The gondola was found, torn away from the balloon, 8 kilometres south of Kachinskino. The envelope had been blown away. The bodies of the three airmen, Fedosenko, Nasenko, and Ulyskin, in the gondola. According to

THE "NAZI" CRISIS IN AUSTRIA.

On February 2, 120,000 farmers and peasants gathered in Vienna. They had come from 1700 parishes in Lower Austria after they had heard of the difficulties besetting Dr. Dollfuss. Their purpose, in the words of the resolution passed at the meeting which led to the demonstration, was to give the reply of "iron-fisted peasants to the barbarous methods of Nazi agitators." They wished also to show their high regard for Dr. Dollfuss. The peasants were brought to Vienna in eighty special trains and a large number of motor-coaches. They marched round the Ringstrasse eight abreast, with bands and banners, and passed a stand, in front of the Ministry of Defence, on which the Chancellor and members of the Government had gathered. Later, they were addressed by Dr. Dollfuss, who reviewed the sufferings of Austria since the break-up of the Monarchy; recounted the efforts of the Government to improve the condition of the people; and explained the present emergency. "We are fighting for the honour and freedom of this country," he declared. In the course of the same week-end the Tirolese Heimwehr intervened at the provincial seat of Government with demands for the establishment of semi-military authoritarian rule. Christian Social politicians, however, were reported, to be resisting this.



THE HEIMWEHR ATTEMPT TO SET UP AN "AUTHORITARIAN" GOVERNMENT IN TIROL: BARRICADES IN THE STREETS OF INNSBRUCK.



THE GREAT DEMONSTRATION OF LOYALTY TO DR. DOLLFUSS BY 120,000 LOWER AUSTRIAN PEASANTS: ENTHUSIASTIC ACCLAMATIONS FOR THE CHANCELLOR DURING THE MARCH ALONG THE RINGSTRASSE, IN VIENNA.



SOME OF THE 120,000 AUSTRIAN PEASANTS WHO SHOWED THEIR READINESS TO ANSWER NAZI AGGRESSION WITH AN "IRON FIST": A BIG GATHERING OF DEMONSTRATORS FROM COUNTRY DISTRICTS IN VIENNA.

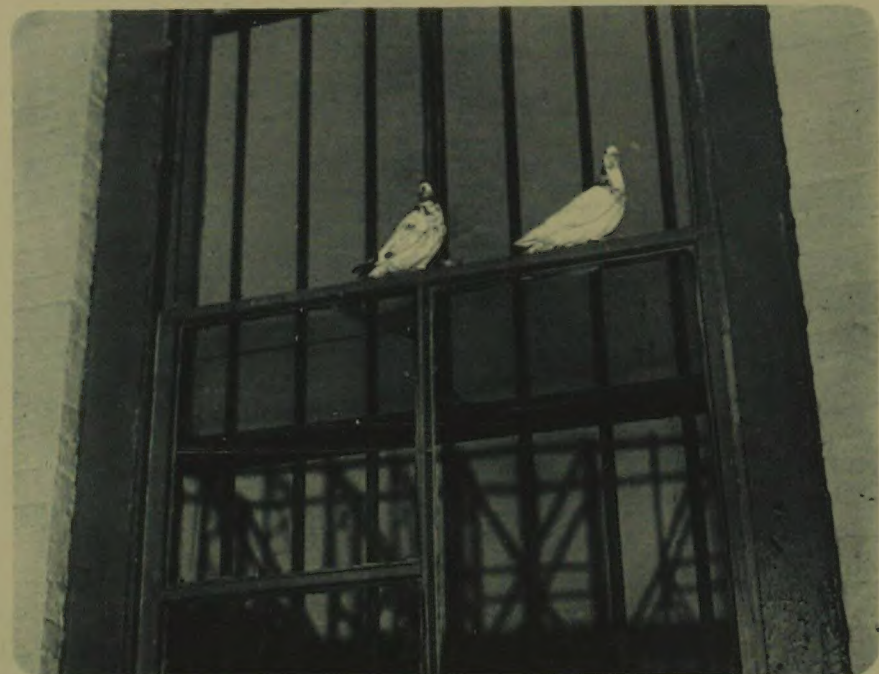
NEW YORK'S PRISON SCANDAL.



LUXURIOUS LIVES LED BY WEALTHY GANGSTER INMATES OF THE NEW YORK WELFARE ISLAND PRISON; RECENTLY "RAIDED" BY THE POLICE: A PET ALSATIAN FOUND TIED TO A PRISONER'S BED.



IN THE NEW YORK PENITENTIARY SAID TO BE "RULED BY BIG GANGSTER INMATES": SOME OF THE WEAPONS SEIZED DURING THE POLICE RAID.



AN AMAZING FEATURE OF THE NEW YORK PRISON SCANDAL: CARRIER PIGEONS, USED TO BRING IN DRUGS AND MESSAGES, ON THE WINDOW OF A ROOM FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY PRIVILEGED PRISONERS.

One of the worst prison scandals in the history of the United States was revealed as the result of a lightning raid carried out in January on New York's Welfare Island Penitentiary (situated in the middle of East River). Drugs were found to be circulating freely. Prisoners were in possession of table knives sharpened like razor blades, heavy iron bars, and glass-cutters. Wealthy gangster inmates were found to be living in luxury, paying officials £10 to £15 weekly to be allowed to remain in hospital wards. Here they enjoyed special food, and are alleged to have been able to carry on their "rackets" outside. Virtually they ruled the prison, were served by their own valets, and had gardens within the prison limits, a greenhouse and a goat! Further, they spent at least one night a week in New York, a special ferry conveying them to the mainland. Some of them even had wireless and pet dogs in their cells; but the most extraordinary discovery of all was 100 carrier pigeons in the hospital, used for smuggling messages and drugs! Cigarettes and tobacco were obtainable as freely as outside. The Deputy-Governor of the Penitentiary was placed under arrest, and all privileged prisoners—most of whom had political connections which enabled them to threaten prison officials with dismissal—were placed in solitary confinement.

THE SEPULCHRES OF THE SUMERIAN PRINCES OF LAGASH DISCOVERED :

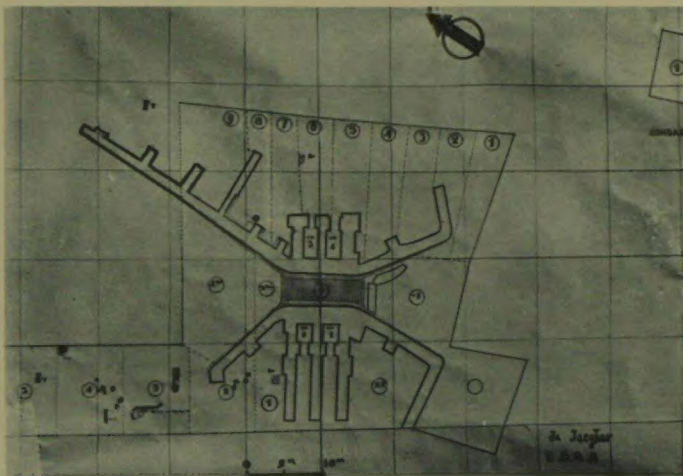


1. A STONE FIGURE OF A PRIESTLY OFFICIAL (C. 2000 B.C.) FROM LAGASH: A SEATED STATUE IN EXCEPTIONAL PRESERVATION.



2. A STEATITE FIGURE OF A HUMAN-HEADED BULL; BEARING AN INSCRIPTION WITH THE NAME OF URGAR, *PATESI* (PRINCE) OF LAGASH (C. 2400 B.C.)

3. (ABOVE)
AN ARTISTIC
CYLINDER-SEAL
SHOWING
EAGLES
GRASPING
STAGS
(C. 2400 B.C.)



4. A MAP OF THE SEPULCHRAL BUILDING OF THE PRINCES OF LAGASH; ITS SHAPE PERHAPS INSPIRED BY THE MODEL OF A SUMERIAN BOAT: THE FIRST BURIAL-PLACE OF ITS TYPE YET FOUND IN MESOPOTAMIA.

OBJECTS OVER 4000 YEARS OLD FROM TOMBS OF UNIQUE DESIGN.



5. A SUMERIAN WARRIOR HOLDING A WAR-AXE IN HIS HAND: A FINE TERRA-COTTA STATUE OF ABOUT 2400 B.C.



6. THE FOUR SUBTERRANEAN BURIAL CHAMBERS AT LAGASH, SEEN FROM THE WEST—TWO IN THE FOREGROUND, TWO BEHIND; THE PAIRS SEPARATED BY A PROCESSIONAL ROAD.



7. THE PROCESSIONAL ROAD DIVIDING THE FOUR TOMBS TWO AND TWO; SHOWING (CENTRE) THE BRICK PAVEMENT ABOVE WHICH MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED VOTIVE OBJECTS WERE FOUND.



8. A CORBEL-VAULTED TOMB FOUND UNDER HOUSE REMAINS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY B.C., NEAR THE PRINCES' TOMBS; WITH A VASE (RIGHT) *IN SITU* TO HOLD FOOD FOR THE DECEASED.



9. A SEAL SHOWING MEN SUPPORTING EACH OTHER—PERHAPS A SYMBOL OF TRANSMITTED LIFE.



10. THE HUGE WALLS, 15 FT. HIGH AND 9 FT. THICK, PROTECTING TWO OF THE PRINCES' TOMBS—NEVERTHELESS BROKEN DOWN BY ROBBERS, PERHAPS ELAMITES, WHEN THEY SACKED THE PLACE.

During the seasons 1931-32 and 1932-33, the French Archæological Mission of the Musée du Louvre discovered and excavated the burial place of the *patesis* (or princes) of the ancient Sumerian city of Lagash (now known as Tello), in Mesopotamia. The sepulchral building of Ur-Ningirsu and Ugme, son and grandson of Gudea, *patesi* of Lagash (c. 2350 B.C.), reveals an entirely new arrangement, consisting of

pathway, above a brick pavement (Fig. 7), more than 400 objects were found, including seventy-six cylinder-seals (Figs. 3 and 9) and eighty objects in terra-cotta.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY LE PASTEUR ANDRÉ PARROT, ATTACHÉ AU MUSÉE DU LOUVRE, DIRECTOR TELLO EXPEDITION.

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"PRINCE EUGÈNE": By PAUL FRISCHAUER.*

(PUBLISHED BY GOLLANCZ.)

A YOUNG man of twenty, seeking a favour momentous to himself and trifling to the grantor, was ushered into the presence of the Sun-King. The monarch, his mother's intimate friend until she fell into disgrace, had been the young man's idol and hero, worshipped even in the nursery. And it was the suppliant's great-uncle, Cardinal Mazarin, who had built and maintained the princely power which Louis was to use as a scourge for Europe. The young man's request was merely for a subordinate military command to launch him on the career for which he passionately longed.

The audience was brief. "Louis's features remained unmoved. He showed by no sign that he had known Eugène's face for twenty years, that he had seen him for the first time in his cradle, at a time when the child's mother had been the person he cared for most in the world. . . . Louis moved no muscle, and merely looked away over Eugène's small, slightly trembling figure as though he were made of air. He made no reply." The young man, numb with humiliation, was hurried away by the friend who had come to plead for him; and for the rest of his life he awaited "the moment which would afford him the opportunity of causing that unmoved countenance of the King's to be convulsed. His Majesty had not condescended to see him: well, he would open His Majesty's eyes!"

Eugène did not enter the King's presence again; but twenty years later, in Vienna, an emissary of Louis XIV. humbly waited upon a celebrated general and statesman in his magnificent palace. "His Majesty the King of France, began the cavalier, offers Prince Eugène of Savoy and his family their reinstatement in France. His Majesty the King of France is prepared to restore to His Highness all those dignities and offices which His Highness now enjoys in the service of the Emperor. His Majesty offers the Prince of Savoy the Governorship of Champagne, and a yearly income of twenty thousand louis d'or.—Marshal of France? The words resounded like a trombone. Was the dream of his childhood to be fulfilled at last? . . . Eugène's blood rushed to his head; he gripped behind him with his hand to prevent himself from falling, and came in contact with the sword, set in diamonds, which had been Leopold's gift in commemoration of his victory at Zenta. And then Eugène came to himself again. He was no longer the insignificant Little Abbé. He was the vanquisher of the Turks! He was known as the greatest commander of his time! He gave a polite, a very polite, answer, but with such finality that Louis's emissary desisted from making any further efforts."

That moment must have been sweet to Prince Eugène—sweeter than the fullness of his revenge in breaking the power of the despot who had mortified first his mother and then himself; for, by the time that he had succeeded in his object, Eugène of Savoy had learned that vengeance is ashes in the mouth; and besides, he was tired of war and of the world. Yet few men in history have been more successful in realising, by sheer force of determination, youthful ambitions which every circumstance seemed to make improbable to the point of absurdity.

Handicapped by a feeble frame and an ill-favoured visage; bitterly poor, and therefore unable to take his place with social equals; unaided at any time of his life by the affection and counsel of women; he was destined by his family for an obscure place in the ecclesiastical hierarchy. A modern psycho-analyst might say that it was by a process of "sublimation" that this despised youth saw himself as a great commander in the field; he was not content, however, with imaginative pictures of himself in heroic rôles, but applied himself diligently to study of the military art. In later years, he was not merely a courageous, fortunate, and inspiring leader, but one deeply versed in every scientific aspect of his profession. This

was never more forcibly shown than when, by peculiar personal knowledge, he led an army of 29,000 men across the Alps, entirely unknown to the French forces, giving his adversaries a surprise from which they never fully recovered. The feat was comparable with Hannibal's, and was the first stroke in wresting Italy from Louis.

Had France given Eugène the opportunity for which he begged, the history of Louis XIV.'s reign might have been different. Thwarted, however, in his ambitions, and rejected even by his own kindred for renouncing the Church, he deliberately defied the King's command and placed himself in the service of Leopold I. of Austria against the Turks, who were then knocking at the gates of Vienna. Henceforth he was an outlaw from France. He took his part in saving Vienna from Ottoman dominion, and from the first he was regarded with favour by the Austrian Emperor. But poverty still oppressed him, and under this disability—almost fatal in the circumstances

By the age of forty he was supreme in the State—commander-in-chief, President of the War Council, victor of a hundred fights, millionaire, and dictator of an empire. From such dizzy heights the great ones of history are accustomed to fall with shattering swiftness; and it is not the least remarkable of Prince Eugène's achievements that to the end he managed to maintain his great position, despite age, increasing tasks, and growing jealousy. It is an interesting coincidence that just as a foreigner—his great-uncle, the Italian Mazarin—saved France for the Bourbons, so Eugène, a foreigner and in a sense a mercenary, saved Austria and Spain for the Habsburgs. His successes brought him little joy, for among his associates were few to whom he felt sympathetic; and it was a new and stimulating experience for him to encounter the vital personality of Marlborough. The two commanders, so unlike in most respects—the one ugly and misshapen, the other described by gossip Liselotte of the Palatinate as

"one of the handsomest men that can be imagined"—were kindred spirits and sworn brothers in the field. Ceremonious compliments soon yielded to real admiration and affinity. "The days," wrote Count von Schulenburg, "which Eugène and Marlborough spent together were taken up with the discussion and annotation of strategic possibilities which the coming battle would bring in its train. The map was spread out before him on the table like a chess-board, and Eugène studied the moves. He was all fire and flame. At last he had found a being who understood him, who appreciated the circumspection of his plans, and who thought in the same way as he did. Marlborough's handsome face glowed! But he listened with the cool ardour of the Englishman, and was amazed at all Eugène's precautionary measures." The result of that conference was that Bavaria was lost to France. "When the report came, Louis tore the parchment in fragments. The Little Abbé again!" There was to be a good deal more of the Little Abbé for Louis, and altogether too much of Marlborough.

Prince Eugène was fifty-four when he put the crown on his military career, and bolted the door once for all against Turkish conquest of Europe, by the brilliant capture of Belgrade in 1717. Thereafter, for nineteen years, until he died in his sleep, his days were devoted to cares of State. Intrigues multiplied about him, and more than once he stood in danger of complete fall from power; but he had learned—or perhaps the Mazarin blood in him had imparted—the gift of patiently drawing his enemies on to their own undoing. He overthrew them all, and died with influence and reputation undiminished.

Nobody could have been more unlike the conventional "man of action." He was a profound and indefatigable student not only of his own subject, but of all things of the mind. Leibnitz, a man of extraordinarily encyclopædic intelligence, was his attached friend and admirer. With regard to his private moral life, this book contains suggestions, not improbable in themselves, that there may have been a twist. His personal courage was of the highest, and was frequently achieved by triumph over physical disability. He was a lonely man, and probably an unhappy one. The same may be said of nearly all those who have attained great power over their fellow-creatures. He belongs to the numerous company of those who have made a stir in the world, not by the facile exercise of natural gifts, but by singleness of purpose and force of will.

Of this remarkable man Herr Frischauer has painted an extremely vivid, discerning portrait, which presents the real human being "apart from all this homicidal glory." Such a character, to be understood, must be seen in his true setting, and this also—the complex, turbulent, tormented Europe of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century—is depicted with notable clarity and skill. It was a happy idea, admirably fulfilled, to revive this somewhat neglected figure of a fascinating period. The translation is adequate.

C. K. A.



THE DRUMS OF THE 2ND GORDONS, LEFT AT OSTEND IN 1914, HANDED BACK BY THE GERMAN WAR MINISTER: GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON OUTSIDE THE REICHSWEHR MINISTRY, BERLIN, WHERE HE RECEIVED THE DRUMS FROM GENERAL VON BLOMBERG; WITH A GERMAN OFFICER AND COLONEL MCCLINTOCK, COMMANDING THE 2ND BATTALION, THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.



AFTER MANY YEARS AS EXHIBITS IN THE BERLIN WAR MUSEUM: THE 2ND GORDONS' DRUMS BEING BROUGHT OUT OF THE REICHSWEHR MINISTRY FOR RETURN TO GREAT BRITAIN. General Sir Ian Hamilton arrived in Berlin on January 31 to take back to his regiment—the Gordon Highlanders—the big drum and six side-drums which the 2nd Battalion left at Ostend in 1914, when ordered to make forced marches towards Antwerp—instruments afterwards collected by the Germans, who, at the end of the war, exhibited them in the Berlin War Museum, the Armoury in Unter den Linden. Sir Ian had a short interview with President Hindenburg, who said to him: "I want you to give a message from a very old soldier to your younger soldiers. Tell them how glad I am to be able to give them back their drums." The drums were handed back to Sir Ian Hamilton by General von Blomberg, Minister of Defence. Sir Ian laid a wreath on the tomb of the German Unknown Soldier, in Unter den Linden. Among his medals and decorations, he wore several German Orders granted him before the war.—[See Opposite Page.]

of his time—his progress was slow and his employment distasteful. He learned, perforce, the game of intrigue and place-seeking, applying himself to it with the pertinacity of a "cold and deliberate careerist." Gradually he climbed to the rank of Imperial General, and his rising star began to shine brightly after a daring and well-planned defence of Belgrade against the Turks.

He made himself indispensable to Austria not only as soldier, but now also as statesman. He had little respect or affection for the Imperial masters whom it was his lot to serve, nor can they have enjoyed his austere, uncompromising counsels; but they were conscious both of his military genius and of the strength of his character, and they knew that there was none to replace him. The Battle of Zenta, which was the beginning of the end of Turkish designs on Europe, brought him to the peak of his reputation.

* "Prince Eugène: A Man and a Hundred Years of History." By Paul Frischauer. Translated by Amethe Smeaton (Countess von Zeppelin). (Victor Gollancz; 16s.)

THE GORDONS' DRUMS RETURNED FROM GERMANY'S WAR MUSEUM.

(SEE ALSO THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



THE DRUMS OF THE 2ND GORDONS BROUGHT BACK TO THE REGIMENT BY GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON (SECOND FROM RIGHT) AFTER THEIR YEARS IN BERLIN: BRINGING THE DRUMS ON TO THE PARADE GROUND AT ALDERSHOT.

As mentioned on another page, the six small drums and the big drum of the 2nd Battalion, the Gordon Highlanders, were brought back to this country by General Sir Ian Hamilton, Colonel of the Gordons, who had been to Berlin to fetch them, and were presented by him to the regiment at Aldershot on February 3. The drums had to be left behind at Ostend in October 1914, as transport was difficult, and later fell into the hands of the Germans. Sir Ian Hamilton was reported in "The Times" as saying that the drums were still in good condition. "The vellum," he said, "is intact,

but it would probably not stand being beaten with sticks. These drums were not captured in war; they were only removed after the Armistice from the safe custody of the Ostend police, into whose hands they had been delivered, and from whom a receipt had been taken. I should never have asked for the return of anything that was captured in war." Sir Ian added that it was his wish that the drums should be entrusted to the National Scottish War Memorial at Edinburgh. The big drum bears the signature of General von Blomberg, who autographed it at Sir Ian's request.

A "LIVING FOSSIL" OF THE SAME ORDER AS MAN: THE SPECTRAL TARSIER.

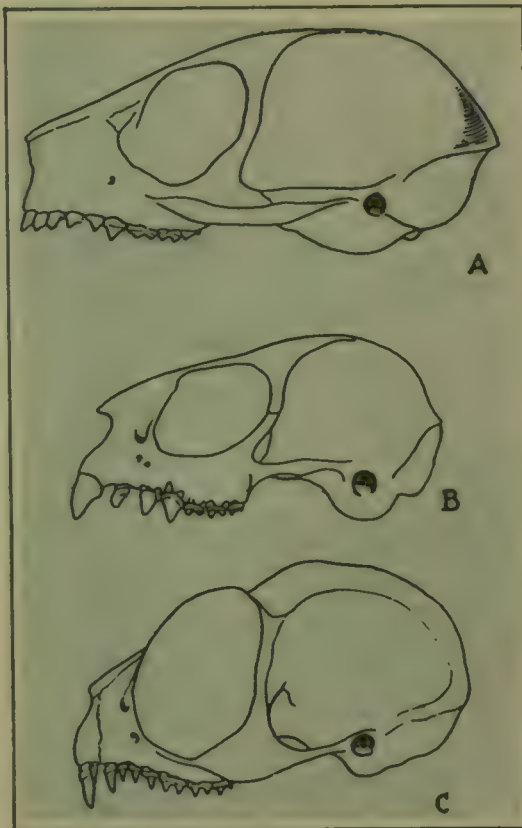


AFFORDING A GOOD VIEW OF THE REMARKABLY PREHENSILE "HANDS," WITH "FINGERS" TERMINATING IN FLAT DISCS: A LIVING EXAMPLE OF THE SPECTRAL TARSIER OF BORNEO—A SPECIES NEVER SEEN ALIVE OUT OF ITS NATIVE LAND. (LIFE SIZE.)

THE SPECTRAL TARSIER.

ARTICLE AND COPYRIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY PROF. W. E. LE GROS CLARK, D.Sc., F.R.C.S., PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY AT ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL AND RECENTLY APPOINTED PROFESSOR OF HUMAN ANATOMY AT OXFORD. (SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

SCATTERED here and there in the more obscure parts of the world are a few isolated forms of life which seem to be rather out of place in the animal world of to-day. They are relics of bygone ages—left stranded by the receding tide of geological time, and bearing witness to the strangeness of the animal population in prehistoric times. One of the most curious of these "living fossils" is the spectral tarsier of Borneo. This little animal has attracted a good deal of attention, partly because of its bizarre appearance and partly because it presents some interesting problems to the comparative anatomist. The tarsier inhabits the remoter parts of the jungle, and, being a nocturnal creature, is extremely elusive. Moreover, it is very intolerant of captivity, and no single specimen has ever been brought out of its native country alive. During a three years' residence in Borneo, I kept about a dozen of these animals at different times in a large enclosure planted with trees and bushes, and fed them daily with fruit and grasshoppers, which they ate with avidity. But I was never able to keep one alive for more than a month. The tarsier is quite small—about the size of a two-weeks'-old kitten—but, with its huge eyes, large ears, kangaroo-like legs, and long, naked tail with a small terminal tuft of hairs, it presents the startling appearance of a living gargoyle. It is entirely arboreal. It does not, however, climb among the branches, but moves about by leaping with extraordinary rapidity with its long, jumping hind-limbs. The ends of its fingers and toes are expanded



THE SKULL OF A SPECTRAL TARSIER (C) COMPARED WITH THOSE OF TWO EXTINCT TARSIER, A EUROPEAN TYPE, NECROLEMUR (A), AND AN AMERICAN TYPE, TETONIUS (B). (HALF AS LARGE AGAIN AS LIFE SIZE.) From "Early Forerunners of Man." By W. E. Le Gros Clark (published by Baillière, Tindall and Cox).

Note the large size of the eye-sockets in the living species (C), as compared with the extinct forms (A and B), in which that feature is not quite so highly developed. The diagrams show the relative sizes of the three skulls.

into flat discs by means of which it can maintain a very firm grip of the boughs. Tarsiers are frequently found in pairs, breed continuously all the year round, and produce one offspring at a birth. The baby clings tightly to its mother's fur, and when the animals are resting I have seen the young creature sitting asleep on the top of the broad head of its parent. From the point of view of the comparative anatomist, the tarsier belongs to the Order of the Primates, of which Man is also a member. Some zoologists believe that the animal is really a primitive kind of monkey, and that it represents a survival of a group of animals from which monkeys, apes, and even Man himself were derived during the process of evolution. There is a considerable amount of evidence in favour of this conjecture. In the geological period called the Eocene, perhaps about ten million years ago, tarsiers were very widespread over the world. Over twenty different genera have been described from fossil remains, most of them from North America and from Europe. One has within recent years been discovered as far east as China, and is called *Hoanghoni*, and it is interesting to note that in these ancient times another tarsier, *Microchærus*, flourished in the county of Hampshire. This last type represents one member of a group of tarsiers which were more monkey-like in their skull and dentition than the living tarsier, and is thus of special interest to the student of evolution. It is a curious fact that, although tarsiers were so abundant and cosmopolitan in Eocene times, their remains have never been found in later geological deposits. In fact, nothing more is known about them until we reach recent times and find the remarkable little spectral tarsier living in quiet seclusion in the tropical jungles of Borneo—the sole survivor of what was once a flourishing and highly important group of mammals.

A DESCENDANT FROM THE COMMON ANCESTOR OF MAN AND THE APES?

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY PROFESSOR W. E. LE GROS CLARK, D.Sc., F.R.C.S. (SEE HIS ARTICLE AND ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



AN ARBOREAL CREATURE WITH A GAP OF SOME TEN MILLION YEARS IN ITS HISTORY: THE SPECTRAL TARSIER OF BORNEO, COMMON IN EOCENE TIMES, BUT ABSENT FROM LATER GEOLOGICAL DEPOSITS. (LIFE-SIZE.)

That strange little creature, the spectral tarsier of Borneo, as Professor Le Gros Clark points out in his article on the opposite page, belongs to the Order of Primates, of which Man is also a member. There is a good deal of evidence, the Professor mentions, to support the conjecture of some zoologists that the tarsier represents a survival of "a group of animals from which monkeys, apes, and even Man himself were derived during the process of evolution." In the Eocene period, about ten million years ago, we are told, tarsiers were widespread, and fossil remains have been found of over twenty genera, but no trace of them occurs in later geological deposits. There is no further record of them, in fact,

until we come down to recent times and discover, in the Borneo jungle, the sole survivor of a once important group of mammals. No explanation, apparently, can be offered for this long and mysterious gap in the animal's history. The "Standard Natural History" says of the tarsiers: "These strange little lemurs are about equal in size to a rat, and have rounded heads and enormous eyes. . . . The tail is long and has a tufted end. The skull possesses very large eye-sockets, which are nearly separated from the hinder part of the skull by a bony plate, a feature which distinguishes this animal from all the other Lemuroids, and in which it shows a resemblance to the monkeys and apes."

EARTHQUAKE HAVOC IN BIHAR: RUINED PALACES, HOUSES, AND BAZAARS IN THE 120,000 SQUARE MILES AFFECTED.



IN THE DEVASTATED BAZAAR AT JAMALPUR, THE RAILWAY SETTLEMENT NEAR MONGHYR, IN A DISTRICT WHICH SUFFERED HEAVILY IN LIFE AND DAMAGE TO PROPERTY FROM ONE OF THE WORST EARTHQUAKES IN HISTORY.



THE RUINS OF THE RAJA'S HOUSE AT MONGHYR—A POPULOUS CITY COMPLETELY DEVASTATED BY THE EARTHQUAKE; WITH A LONE STANDING FIGURE APPEARING UNDAUNED ON ITS PEDESTAL.



IN RAVAGED PATNA, THE CAPITAL OF BIHAR AND ORISSA: THE RUINS OF THE HOUSE OF THE MAHARAJA OF DARBHANGA, WHO IS ONE OF THE GREATEST LANDLORDS IN BENGAL AND BIHAR.



THE RUINS OF THE MAIN BAZAAR AT MONGHYR; WITH SOME OF THE MANY INDIANS NOW RENDERED HOMELESS AND UNPROTECTED AGAINST THE COLD OF THE NIGHTS: A SCENE OF UTTER DEVASTATION.

WE published in our last issue some wonderful photographs illustrating the devastation caused in India by the great earthquake of January 15, and follow them here with others that have come to hand since. As already stated, the greatest damage to life and property occurred in Nepal and in Bihar, there being over six thousand killed in the latter province alone. The material damage there was not confined to the destruction of buildings, for a part of the country forty-five miles square (about 2000 square miles) has been so affected as to be unfit for cultivation without extensive reclamation. It was officially stated, however, that no epidemics followed the disaster, and that this was probably due to the unusual coldness of the weather, which, nevertheless, caused intense suffering to thousands of people rendered homeless. The devastation of Bihar was so widespread that, according to the Bihar Minister of Education, nearly four million pounds must be spent in two years to restore the economic life of the Province. In a recent article in the "Observer," Mr. Charles Davidson, describing the earthquake as among the greatest of all time, said that a line round the places reported as more or less damaged would enclose an area of about 120,000 square miles. He recalled the great Indian earthquakes of 1807 and 1808, in Assam and the Punjab respectively, and said that these disturbances, relieving the strain at the eastern and western ends of the northern Himalayan slopes, set up an increase of strain in the intermediate region, Nepal, with such results as have occurred.



MONGHYR: THE RUINS OF THE RAJA'S PALACE; SHOWING A STONE LION ON A PEDESTAL WHICH HAS REMAINED INTACT, THOUGH THE HOUSE ITSELF HAS FALLEN TO PIECES.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

JAPAN and her doings in the Far East constitute one of the major problems of world politics, and her national life has a strong interest for British readers. Few amongst us islanders of the West, unfortunately, have any first-hand knowledge about the other island empire in the East. We have to rely, for the most part, on the written word and pictorial representation. In this country, however, there are generally a good many Japanese, either resident or travelling, with whom we can cultivate acquaintance. Personally, I have enjoyed several such opportunities. As I write, for instance, I see on the opposite wall of my room three charming colour-prints (after Hokusai, Hiroshige, and Kiyonara) given me once by a Japanese visitor to London. Only the other day, too, I received from Tokyo a copy of a new Japanese illustrated paper (with English letterpress), sent to me by a literary friend who also became known here as an artist, some years ago, and exhibited his work at the Japanese Club in Cavendish Square. I remember a dinner-party he gave, at which I sat between Sir George Clausen, R.A., and the late Mr. P. G. Konody, the art critic. Thus I approach with sympathy certain new books about Japan.

For a vivid account of the Japanese capital and the everyday life of its people, delightfully illustrated, the ordinary reader may be recommended to "Tokyo VIGNETTES." By Zoë Kincaid, author of "Kabuki, the Popular Stage of Japan." With drawings by Hiroshi Yoshida, Beisai Kubota, and Shoshun Otake (Sanseido Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Osaka). The author's name will be familiar to our readers, for she has contributed more than once to *The Illustrated London News*. Her "vignettes," written mainly in a light and humorous style, but on occasion in a delicate vein of pathos, call up a picture of manifold variety in scene and character. They are concerned chiefly with social and industrial life and relics of the past, avoiding the invidious subject of politics. In her revealing pages modern Japan seems to live before us. The gay colour and delicacy of the cover design, wrapper and frontispiece, besides the numerous line-drawings, are in keeping with the author's pervading *joie de vivre*. That her picture of modern Tokyo is authentic as well as attractive, we have the word of Mr. Yosuke Matsuoka, late Chief Delegate of Japan to the League of Nations at Geneva. "These views of Japanese life," he says in a commendatory foreword, "are not the result of hasty survey, but have been made possible through close observation over a long period of years. Zoë Kincaid has dwelt among us and knows intimately the life of the people."

On the graver side of the volume are descriptions of Tokyo shrines, including that to the Nameless

Dead in the great earthquake, regarding which the author tells us that she "passed through the ordeal unscathed." Another interesting chapter is that on the tombs of Tokyo, among them the grave of Lafcadio Hearn, to which she makes a yearly pilgrimage. Hearn, she recalls, was "neglected and totally misunderstood" in his lifetime, though to-day his books live and students from Japanese universities render tribute at his tomb. It is more surprising to learn that Tokyo "has consistently neglected Hokusai," and his burial-place has been allowed to go unhonoured. But in the earthquake "Hokusai's stone stood, and was among the few which escaped destruction." One phase of this artist's career, I might add, awakens in me a certain fellow-feeling. "He never remained," we read, "in one part of the city long at a time, having an ambition to dwell in one hundred different abodes. In reality he changed his address ninety-three times." I have had some little experience of pantechnicons myself, but in future I shall regard my Hokusai print with the added "deference due" to a master in the art of removal.

While not pretending to any particular knowledge of Japanese history, I can at least claim to have had an intentional interest in the subject when, long ago, I picked up for a shilling at some second-hand book-shop a little parchment-bound Elzvir edition of an early Latin work on "Japonia." I afterwards gave it to my Japanese friend, and I only mention it here by way of leading up to a book touching on a much later phase of his nation's history, which describes events still partly within living

memory. The book I mean is a short biographical study (too short, in my opinion) entitled, "THE RT. HON. SIR ERNEST SATOW, G.C.M.G." A Memoir by Bernard M. Allen, M.A., LL.D. With Frontispiece Portrait and Map of Japan (Kegan Paul; 5s.). Sir Ernest Satow's principal life work in the Diplomatic Service was done in Japan, where he eventually became British Minister. At various times he also served in China, Siam, Uruguay, and Morocco. After his retirement from public life he spent the last twenty-two years of his life at Ottery St. Mary, in Devon, where he died, aged eighty-six, in 1929.

Satow first reached Japan, as a young student-interpreter, in 1862. It was a critical time in her development. There had been murderous attacks on British residents, and it became necessary to send punitive expeditions against certain feudal chieftains. Satow had thrilling adventures during these events, and, having mastered the Japanese language, he exercised considerable influence by his personality and writings on the Japanese themselves, in the movement that led to the downfall of the Shoguns and the revival of the Imperial supremacy in the person of the great Emperor Mutsu Hito. Satow also attained distinction as a scholar in Japanese and Chinese literature, and himself produced many books. Among these was a translation into Japanese of St. Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," a book which, we learn, caused a

By Edith Lyttelton. (Bles; 8s. 6d.). Here the author defines clearly the scope of her work, which resulted from journeys in China, Japan, and India. "I have made no attempt," she writes, "to impart information. . . . I have remembered the sights and the encounters that gave me pleasure and tried to give a picture of them . . . a handful of traveller's joy plucked during some travelling days."

Dame Lyttelton is the widow and biographer of the late Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, Colonial Secretary, and has herself done good public service, notably as a British representative of the League of Nations. Among her most interesting passages are conversations with Seho, the Japanese artist; Marshal Chang Hsueh-jiang of Manchuria (now Manchukuo); Chiang Kai-shek, the Chinese President; and Mr. Gandhi, to whom she administered some straight talk on British work for India and the relative value of Indian and British "spirituality." In these days, when many traders complain (as Bill Nye and his partner did concerning the Heathen Chinese) of being ruined by Japanese "cheap labour," it is worthy of note that the author was much impressed by Japanese shops, with their "masses of cheap and lovely things which it is impossible to find in London"—not only in the matter of dress, but all sorts of common articles for domestic use. Here and there in this book I notice some instances of imperfect proof-reading, yet I cannot but feel grateful for so delicious a Spoonerism as "the great spuntentanted aces of Canada."

With Japanese gardens Dame Lyttelton was disappointed, though she expresses qualified admiration. While conceding "a rare and exquisite beauty," which, as found in small gardens, might transform the "squalid backyards" of England or America, and commending, in larger designs, the skilful grouping of trees and bridges, which suggest at every turn "a print of Hokusai or Hiroshiji," she nevertheless dislikes the prevalent artificiality. "The Japanese," she points out, "have a passion for minute scenic effects. . . . Everything is bent and twisted, sometimes tortured, to make a point in a vista or picture." I imagine she might apply similar criticism to a cognate Japanese custom in the treatment of garden products, as described in an elaborate and abundantly illustrated volume entitled "THE ART OF JAPANESE FLOWER ARRANGEMENT" (Ikebana). By Alfred Koehn. A Handbook for Beginners. With 226 Illustrations (Japan: J. L. Thompson and Co., Ltd.; London: Kegan Paul; 10s.).

At first sight it may seem odd that, in a world full of trouble and stiff with problems clamorous for solution, anyone should sit down

and write a book about arranging flowers. This pursuit, however, has in Japan a more serious character and significance than it has with us. Over there it almost seems to partake of the nature of a religious rite; the table on which the arranged flowers are placed is a sort of household shrine; and the work is performed with as much piety as in an English parish the Vicar's wife decorates the church for a Harvest Festival. But there is even more in it than that. Flower-arranging is an ancient Japanese art with venerable traditions and

extensive literature, while in the course of ages it has been so elaborated and subtilised that its votaries are divided into various schools. The present volume deals in particular with one of them—that known as the Yo-Shin method. The rudiments of the art are alleged to have come from India in the sixth century. One curious element is the fact that some plants are considered masculine and some feminine. The "arrangements" are designed "with the idea that the front alone is to be contemplated." Another point is that the material, to judge by the illustrations, consists not so much of cut flowers, in our sense of the phrase, as in branches cut from flowering trees and shrubs. Nevertheless, in a long list of plants (occupying ten pages), while most of them are of the shrub type, occur a good many names of our familiar flowers. Naturally, among the most favoured are the cherry and the chrysanthemum. There are also three items which in our own land are of homelier repute—the daisy, the dandelion, and the aspidistra. The suburban housewife is justified of her parlour decoration.

C. E. B.



THE GREAT INDIAN EARTHQUAKE: THE RUINS OF A CINEMA AT MONGHYR, A CITY ON THE GANGES WHICH FELT THE FULL EFFECTS OF THE DISTURBANCE.



THE SUFFERINGS OF THE SURVIVORS AT MONGHYR: AN IMPROVISED SHELTER AMONG THE RUINS—POOR PROTECTION AGAINST THE UNUSUALLY COLD SPELL THAT FOLLOWED THE EARTHQUAKE IN INDIA.

As mentioned in our last issue, the city of Monghyr, headquarters of a large district in Bihar, was completely destroyed in the great earthquake of January 15. On pages 198 and 199 we give further pictures of devastation in the Province.

profound change in his character when he happened to read it one day in 1888 in a library at Oxford. He was born in 1843 at Clapton; and that fact brings back to me one of my earliest London recollections—the seductive white and yellow hue of the old horse-trams that ran between Clapton and the neighbouring parish of Hackney, where I first saw the light just three decades later.

In his preface to "Tokyo Vignettes," Mr. Matsuoka complains that "too often those who write about Japan in English are transients, here to-day and gone to-morrow," and he deprecates superficial views. I agree with him if the passing visitor assumes too much authority and enters on discussions only permissible to long experience. The first impressions of an intelligent and well-informed traveller, however, provided their "transient" nature is duly explained, are often interesting and valuable to the general reader, as likely to represent what his own reactions would be under similar circumstances. An admirable example of such a record is "TRAVELLING DAYS."



KILLED IN THE COLLAPSE OF BUILDINGS AT MONGHYR: BODIES LYING AMONG THE RUINS BEFORE BEING THROWN, WITH HUNDREDS OF OTHERS, INTO THE GANGES—A SCENE TYPICAL OF THE DISTRESS IN BIHAR.



"MRS. JORDAN AS HIPPOLYTA IN CIBBER'S 'SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULD NOT.'"—
BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A.

A PICTURE, NOW IN THE BRITISH ART EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE, WHICH WAS SHOWN AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1791 AND REPRESENTS THE ACTRESS IN A PART IN WHICH SHE EXCELLED.

Genest held that Mrs. Jordan's Hippolyta would never be excelled; but it was, of course, only one of the rôles in which she won fame on the stage. In comedy, in particular, she can have had but few equals. Hazlitt wrote of her as "all exuberance and grace"; Leigh Hunt, after praising her artless vivacity and melodious voice, called her "not only the first actress of the day," but, judging from written accounts, "the first that has adorned our stage"; Lamb, Byron, and Sir Joshua Reynolds were equally enthusiastic; and Campbell compared her favourably, in certain characters, with

Mrs. Siddons. It cannot be said that Mrs. Jordan's domestic life was as happy as her stage career. It caused much scandal at the time. By Daly, her first manager, she had one daughter; by Richard (afterwards Sir Richard) Ford she had four children; and as the mistress of the Duke of Clarence, subsequently William IV., she bore no fewer than ten children, all of whom took the name of Fitzclarence. All those who knew her acclaimed her generosity and good-heartedness. Our reproduction is from a direct colour photograph of the original by the Finlay Process.

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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CHANGE OF FUNCTION, AND "DRAGONS' TEETH."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE late Dr. Anton Dohrn, the distinguished founder and Director of the Marine Biological Station at Naples, many years ago propounded a new problem for investigation by zoologists. And this was the mysterious way in which one or other of the organs of the body takes on a new function. The evolution of the flippers of the penguins and

less than 20 ft. In the matter of their teeth they show some curiously interesting facts. For the earliest species had numerous teeth lodged in sockets. But in the course of the evolution of the tribe these teeth began to decrease in size, and gradually disappeared, so that finally, in the pterodactyles of the Chalk, the jaws became toothless and ensheathed in horn, as in birds.

But the earliest known birds, it will be remembered, also had the jaws armed with teeth. In the giant diver, *Hesperornis regalis* (Fig. 2), and in the gull-like *Ichthyornis*, we find the first signs of the degeneration of these teeth, and the beginning of their replacement by a horny sheath. This displacement began, as will be seen in Fig. 2, by

become quite toothless, the jaws, again, being sheathed in horn. And this is true also of some of the giants among the dinosaurs. In *Diplodocus* the hinder teeth were wanting, and the front of the jaws bore long, spike-like teeth, believed to have been used in pulling up succulent water-plants. In the formidably armed *Triceratops*, and in that giant bi-pedal dinosaur *Iguanodon*, it was the front end of the jaw that lost the teeth and substituted a horny beak. And again in those strange reptiles, the *Dicynodontia*, found in the Trias of Elgin, Scotland, and the Karoo-formation of Africa, thus dating back for millions of years, we have toothless, horn-sheathed jaws. But what is more remarkable, some had a pair of large canine teeth in the upper jaw, apparently used for fighting.

We come now to the mammals. Here the diversity in the form and number of the teeth is wide indeed. Some, like the ruminants, have replaced the front teeth of the upper jaw by a pad of thick skin. In the manatee, opposing horny pads on the upper and lower jaws take the place of the teeth which are found in their fossil ancestors. Two other mammals must be mentioned here, the echidna and the ornithorhynchus. The first-named has a long, bird-like, horny beak; the second is known commonly as the duck-billed platypus, on account of the fact that the jaws have assumed the form of a broad, flat beak, recalling that of a duck. But the jaws at the hinder part of the mouth bear teeth of a quite peculiar



1. THE SKULL OF *PTERANODON OCCIDENTALIS*, ONE OF THE LAST OF THE OLD "FLYING DRAGONS" OF THE CRETACEOUS TIMES OF EUROPE AND NORTH AMERICA: A CASE IN WHICH A HORNY BEAK HAS REPLACED THE TOOTHED JAWS TYPICAL OF THE EARLIEST PTERODACTYLES.

The earliest of the Pterodactyles were no bigger than sparrows and had teeth in their jaws. Most of the Cretaceous species had exchanged teeth for a horny beak; and some of them attained great size. That of which the head is seen here, for instance, had a wing-span of eighteen feet, exceeded only by that of the Eocene bird *Gigantornis eaglesomei*, which had a span of not less than 20 ft. Never before or since has any flying animal attained such dimensions. The drawing reproduced here was made from a skeleton in the Natural History Museum.

whales affords a good instance of this "Change of Function." Originally serving as wings in the one case, and as legs in the other, they slowly changed their shape, though this transformation must have taken thousands of years to complete; but the way in which it came about is not difficult to visualise. The air-bladder of many fishes has lost its function as a hydrostatic organ and become a lung. The elytra of beetles have ceased to serve as wings and become transformed into wing-cases, flight being now performed by the hind-wings alone. The fin-rays of the pectoral or breast-fins in many deep-sea fishes have become enormously elongated to serve as "feelers" in the utter darkness amid which they live! The ribs of snakes have become organs of locomotion. One could, without difficulty, find scores of such instances, though the initial stages which set these changes in motion are often obscure.

In pondering over this theme the other day, it occurred to me that the loss of teeth which one finds in so many different types of animals, from the reptiles to the mammals, apparently arises through a change of function. Yet they certainly do not fit easily into this interpretation. Let me cite first those amazing creatures, the pterodactyles, termed sometimes "flying dragons," a not inappropriate name. The earliest known types preceded the advent of birds by a million years or so, and seem to have been confined to the Old World.

They flew, it may be remembered, on leathern wings; that is to say, by means of a great sheet of skin stretched between an enormously elongated finger and the body. Save a few insects, they were the only creatures which could sustain themselves in mid-air. Those days of the Lower Jurassic era must have been days such as we sigh for now, and in vain. Days of silence, broken only, perhaps, by the chirruping of some insect, the roar of the wind in the trees, or of the thunder of the sea in a storm. For these flying dragons seem to have been confined to the estuaries and the seashore. What they fed on we can only surmise. Some may have been insectivorous, others are believed to have been fish-eaters. In one species at least, the hind-feet were webbed for swimming, and in some others there seems to have been a pouch between the jaws, like that of pelicans. This suggests that they fed like pelicans. Others may have done their fishing after the manner of terns, by seizing fish from the surface in a sudden swoop.

The earliest species were no bigger than sparrows or thrushes; but fossils from the Chalk, containing the last of the race, were of gigantic size. In one or two species of *Pteranodon*, the expanse of the wings was no less than 18 ft. Never before or since has this been exceeded, except in the case of the giant bird, *Gigantornis eaglesomei*, of Eocene times. This had a wing-span of not

the of loss the teeth in the upper jaw. In some of the pterodactyles, as in *P. elegans*, the loss started from the gape and extended forwards, leaving a few tiny teeth at the end of both upper and lower jaws.

When we turn to the reptiles we find a similar development of toothless, horn-sheathed jaws. The tortoises and turtles have all developed horn-sheathed jaws in place of teeth. As yet, however, nothing is known of what we may call "incipient" tortoises. There are no fossil remains of the ancestral stages of these animals, but we may safely infer that these had teeth. In the old sea-dragons, or *Ichthyosauria*, teeth were numerous and large, yet in some species they had declined to mere vestiges; and some had



2. THE HEAD OF THE EXTINCT GIANT DIVER, *HESPERORNIS REGALIS*: A CASE IN WHICH THE TEETH OF THE FRONT OF THE UPPER JAW WERE REPLACED BY A HORNY SHEATH, THE FIRST STAGE IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE BEAKS OF MODERN BIRDS. (AFTER MARSH.)

The giant diver, which stood four feet high, was flightless. Its contemporary, the gull-like *Ichthyornis*, shows a similar modification of the upper jaw.

shape (Fig. 3), used for crushing shell-fish. These, however, are found only in the young animal. As it approaches maturity, these teeth are shed, and the sockets in which they rested are transformed into shallow, bony plates, encircled by a raised rim; and these appear to form mills quite as efficient as were the teeth with which it began life. No explanation is yet forthcoming for this remarkable substitution of horny sheaths for teeth.

These facts, indeed, seem to be so many round pegs in square holes. They do not fit comfortably into the theory of Change of Function. For the function of feeding must have been persistent throughout life in every case, and the nature of the food does not seem to have changed in any of these creatures. *Hesperornis* and *Ichthyornis*, for example, were obviously always fish-eaters. Curiously enough, the fish-eating Merganser tribe have re-developed teeth. But they take the form of pointed cones of horn along the edges of the beak; while the darters, nearly related to the cormorants, have these cones replaced by needle-like spikes. Nor do these pegs fit any better when we try to attribute them to the effects of use and disuse, or of "Natural Selection." Must we be content with the supposition that the disappearance of these teeth was but the beginning of the end of the existence of the species itself? For most of those referred to here are now extinct, and they all appear first with a complete armament of teeth. The birds, at any rate, seem to lend no support to this view, for since Cretaceous times they have been toothless, and they show no sign of decadence. Here, then, in this senility of the teeth we have a problem which, at present, seems to afford no prospect of solution.



3. THE CURIOUS MANNER OF DEVELOPMENT OF THE TEETH OF THE DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS: THE MOLARS OF THE YOUNG ANIMAL (LEFT; ENLARGED), OF A COMPLEX PATTERN; AND THE JAW OF AN ADULT PLATYPUS, SHOWING THE HORNY PADS WITH NODULAR SURFACES, ENCIRCLED BY A RAISED RIM (A), WHICH REPLACE THE OBSOLETE TEETH.

The jaws of the hinder part of the mouth of the young animal bear teeth of a quite peculiar pattern, used for crushing shell-fish. As the platypus approaches maturity, these teeth are shed and the sockets in which they rested are transformed in the way illustrated here. The result would appear to be two "mills" quite as efficient as those formed by the baby teeth. In front of the adult teeth can be seen the jaw expanded to form the broad, duck-like beak from which the animal takes its popular name.

(After Poulton; from "The Infancy of Animals," by W. P. Pycraft.)

THE RARE CHINCHILLA BRED IN CAPTIVITY: A TEN-INCH RODENT WITH A FORTUNE ON ITS BACK.



LITTLE RABBIT-LIKE ANIMALS WHOSE SKINS COULD BE MARKETED FOR BETWEEN £40 AND £60 APIECE: A CHINCHILLA MOTHER WITH HER YOUNG—MEMBERS OF ONE OF THE ONLY THREE CAPTIVE HERDS IN THE WORLD.



THE AMERICAN ENGINEER WHO, WITH INFINITE PAINS, BROUGHT TWELVE OF THE LITTLE ANIMALS FROM THEIR HOMES AT GREAT ALTITUDES IN THE ANDES TO THE UNITED STATES: MR. CHAPMAN WITH A CHINCHILLA.



A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF A CHINCHILLA SKIN: ONE OF THE SEVEN-SCORE-ODD NEEDED TO MAKE UP A COAT—A GARMENT WORTH THOUSANDS OF POUNDS, FINE COATS OF THE SKINS BEING VERY RARE.

There are to-day three known herds of captive chinchillas in the world—at Idaho Falls, Logan, Utah, and Inglewood (Cal.). They are worth a millionaire's ransom. Single pairs of chinchillas have been sold for as much as £1000. One coat made up of 140 skins fetched many thousands of pounds. Although the Incas appreciated the wonderful qualities of chinchilla fur, it was not until the nineteenth century that any reached Western markets. Immediately, furriers became intensely interested, and, from the importation of a few skins to Paris, the trade grew until, in 1884, one man exported 100,000 skins from Chile. But, not unnaturally, the trade languished. The chinchillas gradually disappeared as man penetrated the lowlands. Now South



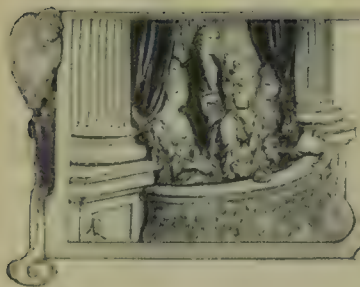
THE CHINCHILLA (*CHINCHILLA LANIGERA*) IN CAPTIVITY—AND MAKING FOR ITS HOLE AFTER A FRIGHT: A RODENT WHICH HAS FUR THAT IS ABOUT AN INCH IN LENGTH, IS OF EXTREME SOFTNESS, AND IS COLOURED A DELICATE PEARL-GREY MOTTLED WITH BLACK.

American countries forbid the export of chinchillas or their skins; but have occasionally granted concessions. When Mr. Chapman obtained his chinchillas a while ago, he was forced to live at 11,300 ft. in the Andes. His trappers, working up to a mile higher, eventually brought him in twelve animals. For two years he kept them at an altitude of 11,000 ft., studying their habits, watching over their health. Then he carried them down the mountain and stopped a year at 8000 feet. Yet, when it came to the sea voyage, the little creatures were panting for breath in the summer heat over the Equator. For forty days they were kept in virtual refrigerators, and Mr. Chapman had to apply ice packs to their heads!



"A CREDIT TO THE FAMILY."

From the Picture by 'Cecil Aldin.



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



"LITTLE WOMEN."

IT is not so very long since Louisa M. Alcott ceased to be a best-seller. Though her age and the ideals for which she stood have passed, there is still a generation whose childhood was nourished on these ideals. The simpler joys of home and family life may be to them no more than a pleasurable recollection, yet they will turn gladly from the racket and racketeering of modern life to recapture something of the spirit of quieter, more sedate days, so completely delineated in the film version of "Little Women." The keynote of this excellent picture is one of complete authenticity, attributable partly to the thoroughness of the Victorian background, and partly to George Cukor's sensitive direction of a well-balanced cast, whose self-sacrificing team-work is all the more admirable when it is remembered that Miss Katharine Hepburn is the brightest star of its galaxy. It will surely be surprising if there is one, among the thousands who have read the book and now flock to see the film, who dares deny that these are the Marches of his adolescent imaginings.

It is this honesty of portrayal, this absolute sincerity, which rings throughout like a truly-cast bell. The story is presented almost exactly as it is written, with order and sequence meticulously preserved—it is almost possible to mark the chapter-headings. But, though the whole tempo is quiet, each little domestic crisis is so skilfully seized, so economically portrayed, and so brilliantly "cut" that sheer drama is extracted from situations which might so easily have been commonplace. The piece is undoubtedly sentimental by modern standards. It confesses to the virtues of faith, hope, and charity with an unblushing readiness which is all but shocking to our squeamish ears; yet we accept it all unblushingly. For these Little Women, who love one another and give their breakfast to the poor, are more than mere paragons. They have the warm stuff of humanity, with its foibles and its weaknesses—petty they would be in another setting, these little envies and jealousies, yet here they serve to bring us closer to the golden hearts of Jo and Amy and Meg (Beth was just too good, and quite appropriately died young!). The small

unwittingly, is inclined to throw her colleagues into the shade. On the whole, however, the balance has been kept in a production that depended so entirely on team-work. And the faces of the others were so well worth saving.



"CLIVE OF INDIA," AT WYNDHAM'S: A SURVEYOR (CARLTON BROUGH); ROBERT CLIVE (LESLIE BANKS); AND HIS WIFE, MARGARET (GILLIAN LIND) (LEFT TO RIGHT).

In this historical play Messrs. W. P. Lipscomb and R. J. Minney have succeeded brilliantly in combining stirring drama with proper appreciation of character. Leslie Banks gives a really fine performance as Clive.

Miss Joan Bennett played the difficult part of Amy, least attractive but most human of the sisters, with grace and a clever suggestion of beauty *sans* brains; Miss Frances Dee had a slender chance as Meg; and Miss Jean Parker made Beth just credible (which is high praise) and very sweet to boot. Mr. Paul Lukas played the be-whiskered, inarticulate Professor as though he had never been a cinema Lothario with a profile—a first-rate and convincing piece of character-acting—and the eager, ingenuous Laurie of Mr. Douglass Montgomery was also completely in tune. Aunt March was somewhat caricatured by Miss Edna May Oliver; but Miss Nydia Westman and Mr. Henry Stephenson gave sincere, renderings of Marmee and Mr. Lawrence.

"THE INVISIBLE MAN."

It is a far cry from the restricted little circle of the Marches in Concord to the fantastic realm of melodramatic science pictured in the screen adaptation of H. G. Wells's "The Invisible Man." Here an entirely different method of presenting the book has been used. In his dramatisation Mr. R. C. Sherriff has seized upon the essentials of the novel, singled them out, embellished them, and reorganised them in the order most likely to achieve coherence and force in a film version. For "the idea's the thing," and Mr. Wells's story loses none of its point by the interpolation of collateral characters and the rearrangement of events. Then again, with Mr. Wells's consent, a heroine has been introduced, but she is a shadowy creature, a mere sop to that section of the film-going public that demands a love interest in its entertainment. But the romantic element is superfluous in this amazing

production, with its almost incredible camera trickery, in which the impossible happens time and time again before our astonished eyes. The director, James Whale, supervised the making of the film behind locked doors, and the secrets of the camera were so closely guarded that, though a little information about the mechanical miracles of the production may have leaked out, the public, including, let me confess, myself, may still sit spellbound at the sight of a bicycle propelling itself along a village street or a pair of pyjamas going, empty, to bed. Indeed, this film owes its success almost entirely to those silent and unnamed heroes, the technicians and camera-men, without whose patient and ingenious work "The Invisible Man" could not have been achieved.

The story, which is familiar to many, deals with the adventures of a crazed young scientist who has discovered the secret of invisibility, but who cannot find the antidote. Obsessed by dreams of power as he realises his advantage over visible man, he wreaks death and destruction with an inhuman impartiality, until it requires the combined force of police and civilians to accomplish his capture and death. Here the details of the man-hunt have been brought up to date, and the stressing of the broadcast appeal adds reality to a theme which has a scientific veneer to ease the strain on our credulity. This is not wholly a horror film in the sense that "Frankenstein" was; there are many moments of lively comedy; nor does the suspense depend entirely on the miraculous. There is, for instance, genuine drama in our introduction to the scientist's invisibility. He unwinds the bandages from his head—a simple gesture, yet foreshadowing dramatic consequences. For the bandages reveal—nothing.

As the Invisible Man, Mr. Claude Rains makes what must be a unique film debut, for he has to rely purely on gesture, which he makes significant in its grotesqueness, and on the impressive range of his voice, until on his death-bed he regains his visible form, taking substance from what has been no more than a shape beneath the bed-clothes. The supporting cast, which includes such well-known names as Miss Una O'Connor and Mr. Forester Harvey, fill the numerous "character" parts with complete success. Mr. Wells is not altogether a newcomer in the film world, but this felicitous new venture has shown us what can be accomplished when a great and vivid imagination provides material which offers scope to the technicians instead of to the star.



"SON OF KONG," A SEQUEL TO "KING KONG," SOON TO BE SEEN IN LONDON—A FANTASTIC NEW R.K.O. RADIO FILM: THE "SON OF KONG" IN TROUBLE IN QUICKSANDS; WITH HELEN MACK AND ROBERT ARMSTRONG ON THE RIGHT.

The second generation of outsize apes shows a distinctly milder disposition than the first. "Kong," it will be recalled, had notably destructive tendencies; but the "Son of Kong," rescued by the human protagonists of the melodrama, becomes their firm friend.



"LITTLE WOMEN," THE FILM VERSION OF LOUISA M. ALCOTT'S FAMOUS STORY: MEG (FRANCES DEE); BETH (JEAN PARKER); JO (KATHARINE HEPBURN); AND AMY (JOAN BENNETT) (LEFT TO RIGHT).

In this new Radio film, now running at the Regal Cinema, Katharine Hepburn adds to her already great reputation. She plays the part of Jo, the tomboyish member of the family, and is here seen surrounded by her three sisters. The film is reviewed on this page.

saga of each sister, intertwining with one another and with the mass of significant triviality which is the hallmark of real life, is followed to its close, by means of judicious borrowing from "Good Wives," and in each case the close is traditional—what could be more proper than to marry and to live happily ever after? Through the strength of such conviction it is impossible to scoff.

George Cukor has handled this delicate material in the same spirit as that in which Louisa Alcott conceived it, and the film must stand first and foremost as a director's triumph. But this statement must not be taken to detract in any way from the outstanding performance of Miss Katharine Hepburn, who gives to Jo all her terrific vitality, tempered by a deliberate restraint which may yet win this young actress to Parnassus. Was it Cukor again, I wonder, who held the bearing-rein with a sure hand, or is Miss Hepburn really beginning to gain control of her own hurtling exuberance? Once or twice it was in danger of wrecking this film, of turning "Little Women" into "Little Woman," but was saved by a timely dropping of the voice, a turn of the head, or a plain "cut." Even so, there is no quenching Miss Hepburn's fires. Her comedy flames so high, her emotion cuts so deep, that she is guilty at times of over-emphasis—and cannot help it—just as she, all

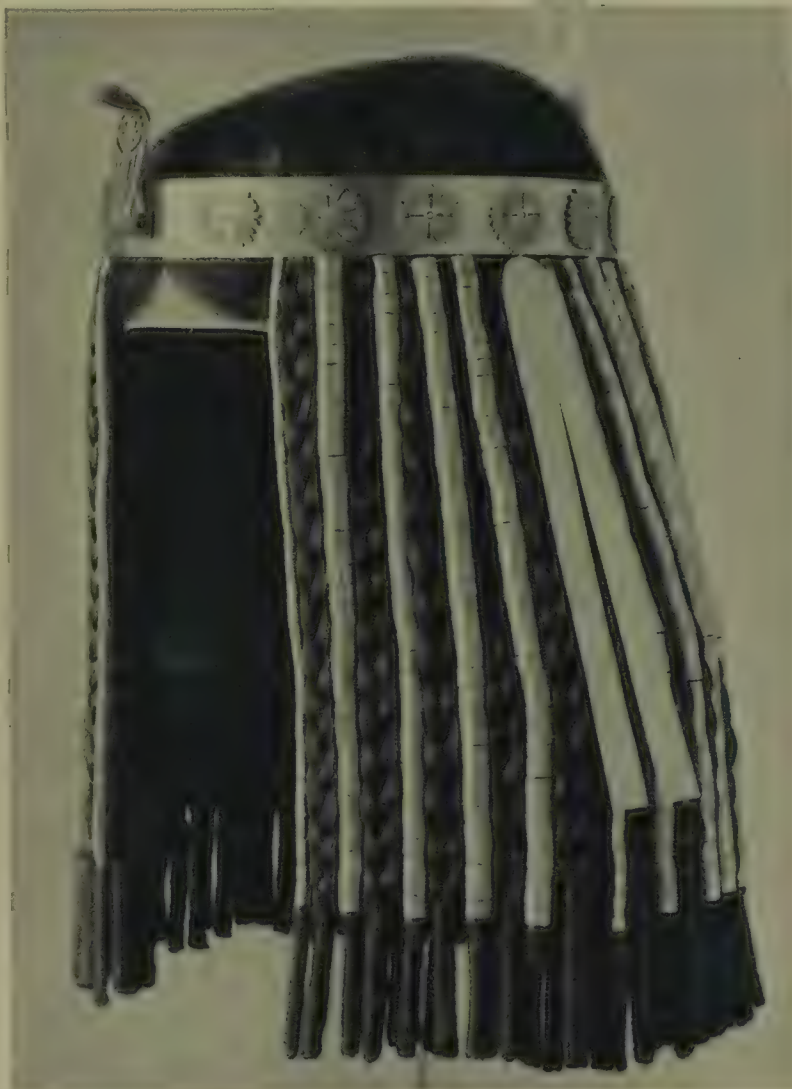
FOR PRINCESS, COURT LADY, AND CONCUBINE: CIRCLETS AND WIGS AS WORN IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK;
FROM THE BULLETIN OF THE MUSEUM.

WE illustrate three very fine gold circlets from ancient Egypt, which have been set upon their appropriate styles of wigs at the Metropolitan Museum, New York. In an extremely interesting note on these exhibits, in the Bulletin of the Museum, Mr. H. E. Winlock writes: "Hats—and even the usual Oriental substitute for hats, cloth turbans—were unknown to the ancient Egyptians. Instead, both men and women often wore wigs, or, what came to much the same thing, they filled out and padded their own hair with switches of false hair until their heads appeared nearly double natural size." We may perhaps be allowed to quote the following description of the reconstruction of the wig of Princess Sit Hat-Hor Yunet (c. 1900—c. 1850 B.C.): "It was obvious that the tubes had been strung on the plaits of a wig, and it seemed certain that they must have been so strung in continuous strands. Had they been scattered at intervals along the plaits, they would have slipped down out of place while the wig was being worn. One difficulty was that the majority of the tubes were nearly twice as large as the others, and for a long time a reasonable combination of the two sizes eluded us. Finally, however, we discovered that if the large tubes were divided into twenty-four strands and the small ones into seven, all these strands would be of the same length and could be arranged around the wig with a thin strand between every four thick ones. . . . The inlaid rosettes around the gold band of the circlet would seem to be a far cry from the lotus, and yet such was the origin of their design. . . . When one has a shock of thick hair there is nothing more natural than to tie a cord around the brow in windy weather to keep the straying locks out of the eyes. Peasants sowing grain in the hot fields knotted their hair back with cool green grasses. . . . When boatmen held canoe tournaments at the fantasias in honour of the great nobles, they tied their hair back with tapes and stuck dripping wet water lilies through them, all around their heads. The nobles themselves, when they went fishing, copied the boatmen, except that a gold band took the place of the linen tape and the flowers were of gold inlaid with

semi-precious stones. For generations the gentry, both men and women, wore such jewelled circlets—always 'calling them, however, 'the boatman's fillet'—and Sit Hat-Hor Yunet's circlet is essentially that, with the knotted tape ends behind and others at the sides represented by long gold streamers. Being a princess, however, she had on her brow the uræus serpent of royalty and at the back of her head the plumes of the goddess Hat-Hor, patroness of love and beauty." Great human interest attaches to the circlet of the Royal Concubine. Mr. Winlock writes:

"The circlet is essentially the same as Sit Hat-Hor Yunet's, a band of gold to confine the hair around the brow, but with the addition of another band over the top of the head. In the three ends at the back of these bands are little rings for cords. The tasseled cords themselves exist no longer, and we have supplied new ones, like those shown in contemporary paintings. On the forehead there was at one time a row of little dangles, the attachments for which still exist, and we have strung in place of them rows of ancient beads ending in little ancient gold hieroglyphs for the word *nefer*, 'beautiful.' There are rosettes once more on the circlet, but so conventionalised that without such a circlet as that of Sit Hat-Hor Yunet to point their meaning we could never guess that they started as clusters of lotus flowers. The most charming feature of this circlet is the pair of gold gazelle heads above the wearer's brow, and by chance these gazelle heads tell us the rank of the lady who once wore it. In an ancient satirical papyrus now in the British Museum there is a caricature of a king playing draughts with a lady of his *harem*. The interpretation is obvious, for the composition closely follows the conventional pictures, except that in the caricature the king is a hungry lion with capacious jaws and the lady of his court a very plump little gazelle. Two Eighteenth Dynasty worthies whose tombs have been discovered at Thebes were proud of the fact that their daughters were concubines in the king's palace, and the daughters appear in the family groups wearing golden circlets with gazelle heads on the foreheads. Clearly, these little ladies were supposed to be as graceful as gazelles, and since they could not wear the uræus or the vulture, which were the insignia of royalty, gazelle heads were thought appropriate their crowns."



THE FASHION IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY B.C., AS WORN BY PRINCESS SIT HAT-HOR YUNET: A JEWELLER'S VERSION OF THE INFORMAL "BOATMAN'S FILLET"; WITH STYLISED LOTUSES, URÆUS, AND PLUMES.



THE EARLIEST OF THE THREE CIRPLETS, BUT, TO OUR EYES, NOT THE LEAST CHARMING—WITH ITS DELICATE GOLD-WIRE FILLET AND GOLD ROSETTES: ADORNMENTS WORN BY THE LADY SENEBTISI AT COURT BETWEEN 2000 AND 1970 B.C.



THE CIRPLET OF AN EGYPTIAN ROYAL CONCUBINE: AN EVEN MORE STYLISED VERSION OF THE "BOATMAN'S FILLET"; ADORNED WITH GAZELLES' HEADS—DOUBTLESS IN COQUETTISH ALLUSION TO THE SLENDERNESS AND GRACE OF ITS WEARER.



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THE COUNTRYSIDE: A FOURTH SERIES OF DRAWINGS BY BLAMPIED.

Drawings Specially Made for "The Illustrated London News" by Edmund Blampied.



"THE SUBJECT IS 'ORSE'."



"LADY GLOVETREE AND JOHN, THE GARDENER."

In our fourth series of Blampied drawings, the thirteenth and fourteenth of which are seen here, we have already shown the contemplative aspect of life on the farm; peeps into the domestic life of "our village"; and scenes from

the daily round of the little country town. In the drawings reproduced last week, and in one on this page, the horse is the principal figure. In the second picture we have the aristocratic amateur horticulturalist.

LIFE IN A GERMAN CONCENTRATION CAMP FOR POLITICAL OPPONENTS OF THE NAZIS.



IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMP FOR GERMAN POLITICAL PRISONERS AT DACHAU, NEAR MUNICH: A PRISONER BEING INTERROGATED BY BAVARIAN POLICE.

HITHERTO little has been available by way of illustration of the German concentration camps for political prisoners under the Nazi régime, about which there has been so much rumour and discussion. Unique interest consequently belongs to these photographs, lately to hand from a French source, and secured, it is stated, on the first occasion on which a journalist has been authorised to take pictures in the camp at Dachau. Although as far back as last October a message from Berlin stated that the camps were to be abolished, and that "most of them had already been closed down," recent news does not fulfil that prophecy. On January 26 Herr Gerhardt Seger, former secretary of the German Peace Society, was reported to have said that there were still sixty concentration camps in Germany, containing 50,000 political prisoners. Meanwhile, however, there seems to be no doubt that large numbers of prisoners have been released from time to time, partly in view of the Nazi electoral triumph, and also as a gesture of goodwill at Christmas, preference being given to prisoners of good behaviour and especially to fathers of large families. Those released were urged to enter the Nazi fold, and at the same time were warned that any relapse on their part into hostility towards the Government would meet with "rigorous, unrelenting, and final measures." A recent sidelight on the question was thrown by the case of three Roman Catholic priests, arrested last November, who were sentenced on January 24, at Munich, to several months' imprisonment. One of the priests was accused of having fabricated stories of atrocities said to have been committed in the camp at Dachau, and the others of having passed on these stories. It may be recalled also that, some few months ago, attention was drawn, by Major-General Sir Neill Malcolm, to alleged ill-treatment of a well-known prisoner, Herr Ebert, son of the first President of the German Republic, "to whom (said General Malcolm) Germans

(Continued opposite.)



AT WORK IN THE SPACIOUS KITCHENS OF THE DACHAU CONCENTRATION CAMP: ONE OF THE FEATURES THAT IMPRESSED A FOREIGN VISITOR AS AN EXAMPLE OF GERMAN ORGANISATION.



SERVING BREAKFASTS IN THE CAMP HOSPITAL AT DACHAU: THE ORDERLY—A SOCIALIST DOCTOR WHO IS ONE OF THE PRISONERS—GOING THE ROUNDS OF THE BEDS WITH FOOD.

teeth, and from a turret in a corner two machine-guns point towards the gate. "There are here," said the Commandant, "2500 prisoners and 400 guards. That is why our men are armed and we have barbed wire charged with electricity. So far we have set free, provisionally, nearly 600 prisoners, of whom only about 50 have returned." The prisoners were ordered to build a memorial to Horst Wessel, and adorn



A MEMORIAL TO HORST WESSEL, THE NAZI "MARTYR-POET," WHICH THE PRISONERS AT DACHAU WERE ORDERED TO BUILD: AN EFFORT TOWARDS POLITICAL CONVERSION.



WAR-LIKE PRECAUTIONS IN ORDER TO PREVENT THE ESCAPE OF PRISONERS: PART OF A FORMIDABLE SYSTEM OF BARBED WIRE, ELECTRICALLY CHARGED, ROUND THE DACHAU CAMP.

their barrack walls with portraits of Hitler, and the swastika sign, which appears on workshop walls, work-tables, and even tools. The organisation of the camp is excellent, and when inspecting the dormitories, the living quarters, the kitchens, and the hospital, one recalls that meticulous organisation is the chief virtue of the Germans. The workshops are provided with modern machinery, and Dachau is, in effect, a highly up-to-date 'factory.'"

THE FIRST AUTHORISED PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN THE GREAT CAMP AT DACHAU.



CAMP GUARDS ON PARADE AT DACHAU: MEMBERS OF A FORCE OF FOUR HUNDRED MEN IN CONTROL OF TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED POLITICAL PRISONERS.

owe far more than many of them are now willing to admit." In a letter to "The Times," all the more impressive from its sympathetic tone towards Nazi rule, General Malcolm made the following statements (here somewhat abridged): "I am not one of those who can see no virtue in the Hitler régime. To me it seems that his Government, like most other Governments, has done much that is good. It has certainly restored to a great majority of Germans that feeling of national self-respect which is perhaps the most precious possession of a great people. Nevertheless, in common with other revolutionary movements, the Hitler régime has an unpleasant side, which is doing Germany much harm in the eyes of the outside world. I believe that there are very many right-minded Germans who know little or nothing of the administration of the concentration camps. I believe there are others who do know and heartily disapprove." Some three weeks later General Malcolm made known, "without comment," an account of a visit to Herr Ebert, at the Birkenhead camp, by a member of the Prussian Ministry of the Interior, to whom Ebert said he had experienced no ill-treatment. At the same time it was reported from Berlin that, while no denial of General Malcolm's statements, or reference to them, had apparently been published in Germany, Herr Ebert had suddenly appeared at another camp, at Lichtenburg, where he was seen, looking physically fit and well-fed, by a group of foreign visitors including a British journalist. The correspondent from whom the above photographs came, describing his visit to Dachau, writes: "To this camp the Hitler Government has sent its most formidable opponents. Dachau is a little village on a hill thirty kilometres from Munich. The motor-bus from the station is always full, for the camp commandant allows the prisoners' parents to bring them, from time to time, food, linen, and tobacco. All about the camp were guards in green uniforms, armed in the

(Continued below on left.)



"DACHAU IS, IN EFFECT, A HIGHLY UP-TO-DATE 'FACTORY,' AND ALL THE WORKSHOPS ARE PROVIDED WITH MODERN MACHINERY: ONE OF THE GERMAN POLITICAL PRISONERS INTERNED THERE AT WORK AT A CARPENTER'S BENCH.



RECREATION, EN DÉSHABILLE, FOR POLITICAL PRISONERS IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMP AT DACHAU: A GAME OF CHESS, AND A PIPE, OUTSIDE THE BARRACKS, APPARENTLY DURING THE PREVALENCE OF A HEAT-WAVE.

DOMESTICITY UNDER WATER: A PAIR OF TROPICAL FISH THAT DIG SAND-HOLES TO HATCH A MASS OF SPAWN.



1. (FIRST DAY) THE FEMALE BLUE ACARA, WHICH, LIKE THE MALE, IS ABOUT 4 1/2 INCHES LONG, IS HERE SEEN JUST ABOVE THE MASS OF EGGS, WHICH SHE HAS DEPOSITED, ONE BY ONE, TO THE NUMBER OF MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED, ON THE TOP OF A FLAT STONE.

IN his explanatory note on these fascinating records of domestic life in a fish family, Mr. W. S. Pitt writes: "The Blue Acara (*Acara carles-punctata*) belongs to the large family of tropical fish known as Cichlids, and is a native of the Amazon River. The Cichlid family are famous for their interesting breeding habits, and many species have been bred in aquaria. All Cichlids are by nature quarrelsome, and the course of true love does not always run smooth. If the pair do not agree—and this is very likely to happen if one is out of condition while the other is eager to spawn—a tragedy may occur. As soon as all is well, the love

display is most interesting. Both fish assume their most brilliant colours, erect their fins to the full extent, and generally show off. Every now and then the fish will lock their mouths together and indulge in a sort of tug-of-war. Almost the only distinguishing feature between the sexes is the finer development of the fins of the male, except when the fish are about to spawn; then the female protrudes an ovipositor. The actual spawning is accomplished in a ludicrous manner, the female depositing the eggs, which are adhesive, singly on the stone, while the male follows behind. Often, however, he will go off and do a little sand-digging, and

(Continued opposite.)



4. (SEVENTH DAY) THE YOUNG ARE UNABLE TO SWIM WHEN FIRST THEY HATCH, AND REMAIN IN THE SAND-HOLLOW UNTIL THE SEVENTH DAY WHEN THE YOLK SAC IS ABSORBED. THEN ON THE SEVENTH DAY THEY RISE IN A CLOUD AND FLOAT ABOUT, LOOKING LIKE A SWARM OF GNATS. HERE WE SEE BOTH PARENTS—THE MALE ON THE LEFT.



2. (SECOND DAY) AS THE EGGS DEVELOP THEY TO DIG PITS IN THE SAND FOR THE YOUNG WHEN BUT THE FANNING ACTION OF THE FISH (HERE



BECOME MORE OBVIOUS, THE FISH HAVE BEGUN THEY HATCH. SOME SAND HAD FALLEN ON THE STONE, THE FEMALE) SWEEP IT AWAY FROM THE EGGS.



5. (THIRTEENTH DAY) FOR SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THE THE PARENTS ROUNDED-UP THEIR NUMEROUS "CHILDREN" HERE THE MALE FISH (RIGHT)

was always one on guard. At this stage they were most courageous and would try to attack any object placed near the glass of the tank. Most Cichlids carry the young from hole to hole every few hours, but these two did not. (4) 7th Day.—The yolk sac has been absorbed and the young have started to swim. The first few to rise from the sand were promptly caught and put back in the pit, but soon the harassed parents gave up the unequal struggle and the whole brood gradually rose and began to swim, looking like a swarm of gnats. Their fins were so small and transparent that they appeared to float. The parents caught any stragglers and put them back into the main shoal. The food for the young at this stage consisted of infusoria, which were cultivated by placing dry lettuce leaves on the surface. (5) 14th Day.—For several days after the young could swim, as dusk approached the parents rounded them up and placed them in a sand-hole. (6) 21st Day.—The parents lose interest and allow the young to scatter. When being fed the adult fish would sometimes catch

COURTESY PHOTOGRAPHS AND



YOUNG ONES WERE ABLE TO SWIM, AS DUSK APPROACHED, AND PLACED THEM IN ONE OF THE HOLES IN THE SAND. IS PERFORMING THIS ACTION.

some of the babies by mistake, but always spat them out again. I had two other species of Cichlids also breeding, and placed some of their young in the Acara tank. The Blue Acara at once recognised the strangers, though about the same size as their own babies, and quickly hunted them down. Once I saw the male Acara catch his own young by mistake, but he spat them out again. By the fifty-fourth day the parents had long ceased troubling about the young, but I never saw them attempt to eat any. On that day I removed all the young, which then numbered 333. Probably the original spawn considerably exceeded this figure, but some failed to survive and others, it may be, when caught by the parents every now and then 'went the wrong way.' Within half an hour of their offspring's removal the parents started to clean the stone for the next spawning, and within two days were again fanning eggs. Doubtless the presence of the young had hitherto deterred them." It may be added that the two full-grown fish are both about 4 1/2 inches long.

DESCRIPTION BY W. S. PITT.

FAMILY LIFE AMONG THE BLUE ACARA OF THE AMAZON: FATHER AND MOTHER WITH OVER THREE HUNDRED "BABIES."



3. (THIRD DAY) THE YOUNG HAVE NOW HATCHED AND HAVE BEEN TRANSFERRED BY THEIR PARENTS INTO ONE OF THE SAND-HOLLOWES PREVIOUSLY DUG. THE FISH TAKE IT IN TURNS TO FETCH THE YOUNG, SO THAT ONE IS COMING WHILE THE OTHER IS GOING. THIS ONE IS THE FEMALE.

I have several times seen the female leave her tank and encourage him back to the stone. These photographs represent successive stages of hatching. (1) 1st Day.—Here is seen the female soon after spawning. Before spawning, the fish had spent several hours cleaning all algae from the stone with their mouths. The eggs were at first a clear amber colour. (2) 2nd Day.—The eggs became much more obvious as they developed. The fish spent more time 'fanning' the eggs by keeping the water circulating with their pectoral fins. It was formerly thought that this action was necessary to aerate the water, but it is now agreed that the object

is to prevent sediment settling on the eggs. Soon after spawning the fish began to dig small pits, in which to deposit the young when hatched, by taking mouthfuls of sand and spitting it out some distance away. Some sand fell on the stone, but the photographs show that the 'fanning' kept the eggs clean. A few of the eggs which were not fertilised turned opaque, and these were carefully moved and eaten. (3) 3rd Day.—The young have now hatched, and, being unable to swim for several days, they have been removed by the parents into one of the sand-hollows. The fish took it in turns to fetch and carry the babies, so that there

(Continued below.)



6. (TWENTY-FIRST DAY) THE PARENT FISH HAVE NOW CEASED TO TAKE ANY GREAT INTEREST IN THEIR YOUNG, WHICH ARE ALLOWED TO SCATTER IN ALL DIRECTIONS. HERE THE FEMALE FISH IS SEEN ABOVE AND THE MALE BELOW, WITH THE SMALL FRY SWIMMING ALL AROUND THEM.

“ART IN ENGLAND” SUPPLEMENTS “BRITISH ART”:
THE BRITISH MUSEUM’S SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.



THE HON. CHARLES GREVILLE; WILLIAM HAYLEY, POET AND PATRON OF WRITERS AND ARTISTS AND AUTHOR OF A LIFE OF ROMNEY; GEORGE ROMNEY; AND EMMA HART, AFTERWARDS LADY HAMILTON: A SKETCH BY ROMNEY.



A The Fisherman's Story
B Mr. Thornhill
C Mr. Tothall's Story
D Mr. Stogdell's Story
E Mr. Forrester at Breakfast
F Mr. Scott's Story

WILLIAM HOGARTH AND PARTY IN A ROOM AT THE NAG'S HEAD, STOKE, DURING A FIVE-DAYS' PEREGRINATION IN MAY 1732: A DRAWING BY HOGARTH, WHO IS SEEN AT WORK ON THE LEFT.



THE PUBLIC FUNERAL OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A., ON JANUARY 21, 1830.—OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: A WATER-COLOUR SKETCH FROM MEMORY BY J. M. W. TURNER.

An Exhibition of English Art—gathered from various departments and held in the Prints and Drawings Gallery—is now in being in the British Museum and will very well repay visits. It differs from the Exhibition of British Art at Burlington House, in that it does not exclude works produced by foreigners on English soil and that it includes engravings: in truth, it were better styled an Exhibition of Art in England. The following notes concern certain of our reproductions.—From the position of Emma Hart at the spinning wheel in the Romney drawing, it would appear that the sketch was made at the same time as the picture called



A LEAF IN ONE OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S SKETCH-BOOKS (1752): A BLACK CHALK NOTE OF TINTORETTO'S "THE PROCESSION TO CALVARY."



BARBARA, DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND, MISTRESS OF KING CHARLES II. AND THE PARAMOUNT INFLUENCE AT HIS COURT FROM 1660 TO 1674: A SKETCH IN BLACK AND COLOURED CHALKS BY SIR PETER LE LY.

"The Spinning Wheel," now in the Iveagh Collection at Kenwood.—The Nag's Head drawing by Hogarth is one of seven drawings by the artist in a manuscript volume dealing with "what seem'd most Remarkable" in a little five-days' journey made by Tothall, Scott, Hogarth, Thornhill, and Forrester. There are also two drawings by Samuel Scott and a map by Thornhill. Facing the leaf shown is one describing the scene. The Reynolds sketch-book contains notes and sketches made at Venice and on the journey thither from Florence, 1752. On the page facing the sketch shown are notes relating to other pictures.

HOLBEIN AS DECORATOR FOR HENRY VIII.'S "NEW BUILT PALLACE."

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HOLBEIN'S DESIGN FOR A CHIMNEY-PIECE FOR BRIDEWELL, THE HOUSE OCCUPIED BY THE KING AND BY QUEEN KATHARINE DURING THE LATTER'S TRIAL AND MENTIONED BY SHAKESPEARE: A BRITISH MUSEUM EXHIBIT.

The remarkably interesting drawing here reproduced is in the British Museum's Exhibition of English Art, which is also illustrated on the opposite page. It is in pen and ink, with washes of Indian ink and colour, and is described as follows: "The presence of the Royal Arms, etc., proves that this chimney-piece was designed for some building occupied or planned by Henry VIII. Peacham, in his notes on Holbein in the 'Compleat Gentleman,' mentions having seen 'of his (Holbein's) own draught with a penne a most curious chimney-piece K. Henry had bespoke for his new built pallace at Bridewell'; and there can be little

doubt that, as Walpole conjectured, this is the drawing in question." It will be recalled that "Palace at Bridewell: A Room in the Queen's Apartment" is the setting for Scene 1 of Act III. of Shakespeare's "King Henry VIII." In Muirhead's "London" there is this reference in a note on the site of the modern offices of the Bridewell Royal Hospital, in New Bridge Street, near Blackfriars Bridge: "Some kind of castle, taking its name from the holy well of St. Bride, and occasionally occupied by English sovereigns, stood here in early Norman times. Henry VIII. restored it. . . . Edward VI. granted it to London. . . ."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

OLD GLASS AT THE MARLBOROUGH AND QUEEN ANNE EXHIBITION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Fig. 2, centre, the two-handled bowl with the open-work border and what is known as "trailed and nipped diamond ways decoration," is more engaging in the original than in the illustration—the open-work top, for example, gives a very pleasing effect of lightness. The covered goblet of Fig. 3 is a famous and, I

It is interesting to speculate upon the debt this country owed to the foreigners who taught us how to make glass—that is, this sort of glass (church windows are in a different category). The excellent little note in the catalogue hints at the problem, and it really appears that for a century at least practically all the technical side

WHOEVER was responsible for choosing the section devoted to old glass at the Marlborough Exhibition at Chesterfield House in aid of the Y.W.C.A. has accomplished something which seems to me better than anything of the kind that has appeared at similar charity shows during the past few years. True, his task was perhaps simplified by the comparative paucity of specimens extant, as compared with those of the later eighteenth century, and the general sober taste of the period makes a comely arrangement of the two cases devoted to this eternally beautiful material fairly simple. None the less, this is an intriguing and delightful selection, varied pleasantly between the monumental and the humble, and refreshingly free from those over-decorated Netherlandish pieces which have a way of slipping into this sort of exhibition, not because they possess beauty, but because a misguided and enthusiastic craftsman has spent time and ingenuity in covering a lovely surface with uninspired engraving. There is, of course, plenty of Flemish and German influence to be seen in what has survived from the end of the seventeenth century, but what



I. FINE GLASS EXHIBITED IN THE MARLBOROUGH AND REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE EXHIBITION: A COMPLICATED BAROQUE POSSET-POT, FROM A PERIOD OF GREAT EXTRAVAGANCE IN THE MATTER OF FURNITURE (C. 1685; LEFT); AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TWO-HANDLED BOWL WITH A DELICATE OPEN-WORK BORDER (CENTRE); AND A TYPICAL SWEETMEAT-BOWL OF ABOUT 1720.

The body of the posset-pot is moulded with gadroons, below a trailed zone studded with six strawberry punts moulded and applied; and it has two E-shaped handles with pincered overtrail. (Height, 12½ in.) The two-handled bowl is described as decorated with a trailed and "nipped diamond ways" open-work border. (4.7-8 in. by 12½ ins.) The covered sweetmeat-bowl has an ogee bowl spirally wrythen, a short stem composed of three knobs, and a domed foot spirally wrythen. (10.1-8 by 6.1-8 in.)

Reproductions by Courtesy of the Owners, respectively, D. H. Beves, Esq.; Walter Harding, Esq.; and Mrs. Dickson.

believe, unique example in glass of a rather grandiose type. The knob in the form of a head wearing "a hat that was shaped in the Ramillie cock," identified with Prince Eugène or with the Duke of Marlborough, rouses collectors to enthusiasm and the present writer to a mild curiosity as to why so odd an idea occurred to the unknown maker: I admit its great interest and deny its æsthetic value. Similarly, the appearance of a Maundy 4d. of 1709 in the knob of the cover, and a shilling of 1714 in the knob of the stem, is an affair of the curio-hunter rather than the lover of the beautiful. Nevertheless, this is a noble goblet, not only a rarity, but of grand proportions and fine colour. Of the many examples of the ordinary wine-glass, the three in Fig. 2 give an adequate idea not only of the fashions, but of the quality of the work turned out by the trade in and around the year 1700. Among the other exhibits, no one can fail to see the extraordinary charm of a tall toasting-glass with a trumpet bowl and a thin-drawn stem, and of two small candlesticks, the one very thin and fine of about 1690, with a pedestal foot, the other ten years or so later, with a domed foot with a terraced rim.

Of the very few engraved examples in the show, one at

least has a sentimental charm about it which defies criticism. It is a tall goblet with a trumpet bowl and drawn stem. On one side of the bowl is a coat of arms and the motto *Vivas ut vivas*, surmounted by a three-masted ship; on the other side the motto *Omnia Vincit Amor*, and an armorial shield containing the inscription *Charming Miss Betty Phillips* and the signature *A. Jameson*, surmounted by a heart pierced by an arrow—the more personal parts engraved by an amateur hand, the rest professionally. The under-side of the foot bears the signature *Richard Montgomery* and the date 1711.

There are several fine Rummerns, the characteristic German glasses (Römer) translated into an English idiom—practical glasses for ordinary use, for the fingers can easily grasp the knobs on the stem; but it was not a fashion which caught on in this country, and the baluster stem, with its numerous variations, really dominated the trade for nearly half a century.

tically all the technical side of the manufacture was in the hands of Italians. We don't know many names. Queen Elizabeth granted a patent to Verzellini in 1575 (there is a famous glass from his hand), and after that we hear only of Sir Robert Mansell, but his was a business rather than a technical genius; and we don't really know whether George Ravenscroft, who put lead glass ("flint glass") on the market between 1675 and 1681, and signed his works with a raven's head, actually discovered the metal himself or was dependent upon his workmen, who were Italians from the Netherlands. Another odd thing about the industry is that for two centuries workmen from Murano, the island near Venice which was the centre of the manufacture, continually found their way into nearly every European country, in spite of strenuous efforts on the part of the Venetians to keep the monopoly in their own hands, and yet left so little record of their names. Most of them, of course, were poor men working for foreign capital, but it is none the less curious that during so long a period hardly one emerges from the distant past as a personality—and even Verzellini is little more than a name.

The catalogue, and, of course, the exhibits, illustrate admirably the distinction between the plain English style, conditioned partly by the heavy quality of the metal and partly by contemporary fashions, and the Venetian and Netherlandish influences, which lingered on for some years.



2. THREE GLASSES TYPICAL OF THE FORMS GIVEN BY THE MAKERS TO THE HEAVY ENGLISH MATERIAL: EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY EXHIBITS IN THE MARLBOROUGH AND QUEEN ANNE EXHIBITION; WITH BALUSTER STEMS.

there has been toned down from the worst extravagances of the original conception, so that even the complicated baroque character of the posset-pot (Fig. 1, left) is a good deal simpler than it might have been: this is dated about 1685, a period of incredible extravagance in furnishing. An apt and eloquent comment upon this extravagance—the prevailing style just before the Glorious Revolution—is provided by the 1720 sweetmeat-bowl of Fig. 1, right, with its agreeable and, indeed, masterly spirals—a thing as well knit together as a mediaeval silver salt, and surely as fine an object as English glass-makers ever produced. It is so good that the natural suggestion that it was inspired by some earlier Venetian model, and carried out in the heavier English material, seems too obvious to be true; and I, for one, shall maintain obstinately, and against all authority, that the man who made this had in his mind's eye, not a fragile Murano bowl, but a fine English silver salt of the fifteenth century.



3. A COVERED GOBLET OF ABOUT 1714, SURMOUNTED BY A KNOB IN THE FORM OF A HEAD WEARING A HAT "SHAPED IN THE RAMILLIE COCK" IDENTIFIED WITH PRINCE EUGENE OR WITH THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH: AN EXAMPLE OF THE MAGNIFICENT GLASS TO BE SEEN IN THE MARLBOROUGH AND REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE EXHIBITION, HELD IN AID OF THE Y.W.C.A. AT CHESTERFIELD HOUSE.

In the knob of the cover of this goblet is a Maundy 4d. of 1709; in the knob of the stem is a shilling of 1714. (Height, 12½ in.)

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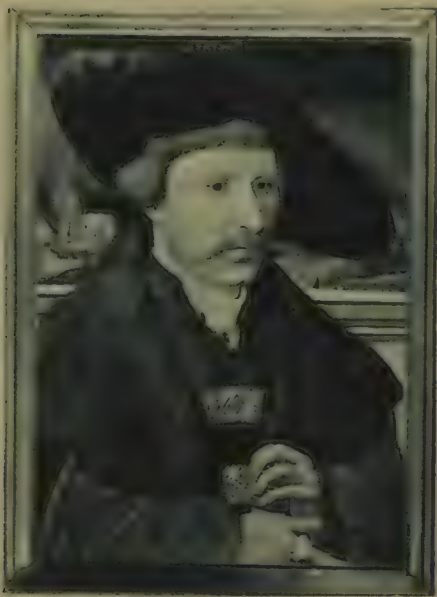
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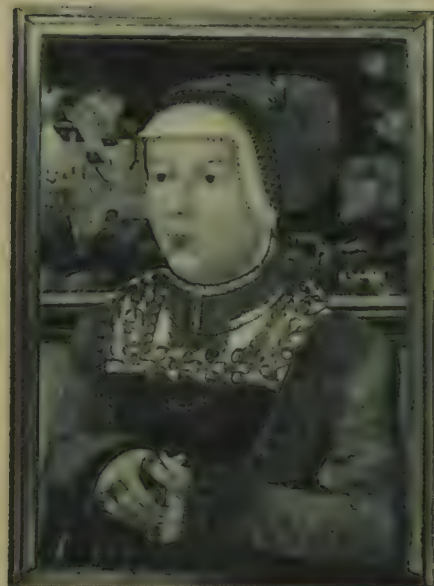
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EUROPE'S SUN-DRENCHED SOUTHERN COASTS:

VERNAL "PLAYGROUNDS" IN FRANCE, ITALY, SPAIN, AND PORTUGAL.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

MID-FEBRUARY is a very welcome sign of the times, for it means that the end of the winter is in sight, and all who can do so begin to think about an early spring holiday—to tone themselves up. Thoughts are of the sunny south of Europe, where there is not only abundant sunshine, with bracing air, but where also the quest of health and pleasure is sure to end in success, since the arrangements made to secure this are as nearly perfect as things can be in this world of ours.

An outstanding example is that of the health resorts of the French Riviera, among the oldest of their kind in the world, but with the newest of attractions and the most

time of the year, the climate being mild and sunny. The coast of her beautiful Riviera is divided into two portions, eastern and western, by the great and historical port of Genoa. In the eastern part are Nervi, with a promenade winding its way amongst the huge rocks on the seashore, and affording views of the sea and the coast of much beauty; and Porto Fino, from the heights of which you see the magnificent panorama of the whole of the eastern and western Riviera. The road from

here, leading to lovely Santa Margherita, runs along the coast, and passes the Monastery of Cervara, where Francis I., King of France, was once confined in prison. This is considered to be one of the most picturesque spots on the coast of the Mediterranean. Santa Margherita has one of the most fascinating of situations, on an inlet of the Bay of Tigullio, with many a rocky cove and tall, thickly-wooded headland, and it has a vegetation of great luxuriance; while Rapallo, very similarly placed amidst the loveliest of scenery, is a very suitable centre for sport, owning a golf-course; while it also affords enchanting walks and interesting excursions, along the coast and amongst the neighbouring mountains.

as holiday centres, the former with its exceptionally luxuriant vegetation and the beauty of the neighbouring coast, and the latter for its old-world charm and its restful air—a garden city with a mountain setting.

Italy is fortunate in possessing a large number of resorts where early spring is an extremely enjoyable

high cliffs rising sheer up from the sea, with a background of vine and orchard-clad hills, a feast of fruit-blossom in the spring, from whose heights one looks northward to Naples and the great cone of Vesuvius, its smoke-cloud ever rising to the sky; Capri, with its marvellous cliffs and its wonderful Blue Grotto, most famous of sea-caves, and its glorious coastal views; and Amalfi, basking by the sea at the mouth of a deep ravine between high rocks, with a shore that is wildly picturesque. A holiday in any of these three resorts is one spent amidst the finest of Italy's scenery.

Spring in Southern Spain means cloudless skies, a soft air, and radiant sunshine, and a landscape of waving palms, orange and lemon trees, of gardens of roses, and of wild flowers spangling the banks of streams. It is the ideal time for viewing the glories of Moorish and Gothic



EVER-POPULAR NICE: A VIEW OF THE FAMOUS PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS, WITH THE FINE GARDENS ADJOINING IT.

(Photograph by White Star.)

modern of hotels. They have the most beautiful situation imaginable, backed by high mountains, which shelter them from cold winds, and facing the blue waters of the Mediterranean; a wealth of vegetation, of flowering plants, shrubs, and trees, including many varieties of the palm; and a climate which is very equable, both as regards the maximum and minimum temperature and the daily range, as well as sunny and dry. This is a combination which proves irresistible to those who have once experienced its charms, and they return to it time and again.

Foremost among these resorts is Monte Carlo, a place of enchantment, where, amid the loveliest of nature's settings, the handiwork of man has provided every luxury possible. Hotels unsurpassed in any part of the world for their comfort and cuisine, restaurants the smartest of their kind, the best of facilities for almost every form of sport, and every popular variety of indoor entertainment—all represented in a manner worthy of any of the leading capitals of Europe. The magnificent Casino, standing in the midst of wonderful gardens, of rare trees and shrubs and beds of flowers of gorgeous colouring, is a creation worthy of the great Caliph Haroun al Raschid, and the entertainment it provides is many-sided and of the highest standard.

Nice has many admirers, charmed with the great natural beauty of this city of pleasure by the sea, capital of the Côte d'Azur, with a history which goes back two thousand years. Its beautiful gardens, where palm, orange, and



RAPALLO, ON THE BAY OF TIGULLIO, ON THE EASTERN ITALIAN RIVIERA: A CHARMING LITTLE TOWN, BACKED BY WOODED HILLS; AND THE CASINO.

(Photograph by Enit, London.)

Italy's western Riviera stretches between Genoa and Ventimiglia, on the Franco-Italian frontier and not far from Mentone. Strung along a coast-line of singular charm and beauty, and linked together by a splendid motor road—from which there is a succession of exquisite views of coast and sea, and mountains stretching far inland—are San Remo, the queen of Italy's Riviera resorts, with a Casino renowned throughout Europe, luxury

hotels of the first order, splendid facilities for sports (including an eighteen-hole golf-course), and a delightful blending of the old with the new—picturesque narrow lanes and alleys, some arched over, and with high, sombre houses, straggling about the sides of a steep hill; handsome gardens stretching along by the shore, and beautiful promenades with stately buildings; Alassio, much esteemed by English visitors, with an open, bracing situation, a splendid beach of fine sand nearly two miles in length, and a smart

social life; Bordighera, nestling amongst groves of palm and olive trees, with a vegetation of entrancing luxuriance, and a well-earned reputation as a sporting and social centre; and Ospedaletti, smaller than any of these, with a most pleasant setting amongst the hills, and lovely coastal scenery.

There is yet another Italian Riviera—on the shores of the magnificent Bay of Naples and the adjoining Gulf of Salerno, where the natural beauty is great and the hinterland is teeming with historical interest. Here are Sorrento, romantically perched on the top of

these resorts of Southern Spain are excellent centres, with good hotels, for a thoroughly enjoyable holiday.

There remains Estoril, that altogether delightful watering-place situated on a sheltered bay in Portugal. It faces due south, gets a very full share of the sun, and has a dry, bracing air. It is laid out in the most modern style, with hotels that are thoroughly up to date, and a Casino set amidst lovely gardens, and with golf and tennis, and excellent motor roads, giving easy access to beautiful Cintra amongst the hills, and to the capital, Lisbon.



A ROMANTIC RESORT IN THE SOUTH OF ITALY: THE ROCKY COAST ROUND AMALFI, WITH VILLAS PERCHED ON THE EDGE OF SHEER CLIFFS.

(Photograph by Enit, London.)



THE PORT FOR SEVILLE, CAPITAL OF PICTURESQUE ANDALUSIA: A PALM-LINED AVENUE OPENING ON THE SEA IN CADIZ.

(Photograph by White Star.)

lemon-trees grow in the open, with a wealth of roses, violets, carnations, and mimosa; and its famous Promenade des Anglais, are attractions which, with plenty of golf and tennis, prove irresistible to numbers of holiday-makers. Cannes is smaller, but it has an ideal situation and a very attractive lay-out. The Lérin Isles are near by, on one of which, Ste. Marguerite, is the citadel in which the Man in the Iron Mask was confined. Cannes is a very convenient centre for visiting Juan-les-Pins, Antibes, and St. Raphael; whilst its proximity to Grasse, that picturesque old French centre, famed for its manufacture of perfumes, ensures an abundant supply of blossoms for its well-known floral fêtes. Menton and Hyères both have very strong claims

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SAILING INTO HISTORY!—SOME POPULAR PORTS FOR CRUISING—
CALLS ON THE MID-ATLANTIC AND MEDITERRANEAN.

THERE is no longer any doubt as to the popularity of the cruising holiday, and not merely for a special season of the year, but all the year round, and certainly in the spring, when, after the gloom of winter, one hears the call of sea and sunshine and longs to be afloat once again, heading south for the ports where pleasure is to be found. And life on board ship, *en route* to them, is exceedingly pleasant.

And now let us look at some of the most popular of these ports and embark on an imaginary spring cruise—to discover the charms of these "star turns" of the cruising world. Cruising liners are large and very comfortable, and they are speedy, so that, even though the Channel and the Bay prove choppy, they cause little discomfort; but, none the less, you feel quite pleased to round Cape Finisterre and find Vigo waiting to give you a hearty welcome. It has a most picturesque situation, overlooking a beautiful bay, extending inland like a Norwegian fjord for nearly twenty miles, between low hills. It was here that Sir George Rooke and the Duke of Ormonde, in 1702, captured a Spanish treasure fleet, securing loot to the extent of a million sterling! Vigo is a prosperous, well-built town, and pleasant excursions to be made from it are those to the watering-place of Mondariz near by, and to far-famed Santiago de Compostela,

the old capital of Galicia, not far distant. Here there is a cathedral of Romanesque style, with a porch in baroque said to be without a rival.

Past Oporto to Cape Roca and the mouth of the Tagus, with its gleaming but dangerous bar of golden sand, and charming little Estoril opposite; and then a most interesting journey up the Tagus to Lisbon, rising tier upon tier on the hilly ground of the river's northern bank, its buildings, predominantly white, contrasting vividly with the green foliage of its spacious squares and gardens. Stepping ashore, you are almost at once in the heart of this beautiful city, with its Avenida da Liberdade, one of the finest thoroughfares in the world; its ancient cathedral, once used as a mosque by the Moors; the church of St. Roque, containing an altar-piece of solid silver, the first to come to Portugal from the East; and the church of Estrela, with its white marble dome, its English cemetery, with the grave of the author of "Tom Jones"; its Tower of Belem, by the Tagus, to commemorate the spot from which, in 1497, Vasco da Gama sailed away—to discover the sea-route to India; and its Roman and Moorish quarter, the Alfama, with narrow, steep, and winding alleys, and relics of past ages. A motor drive to Estoril by the sea, and to Cintra, nestling among



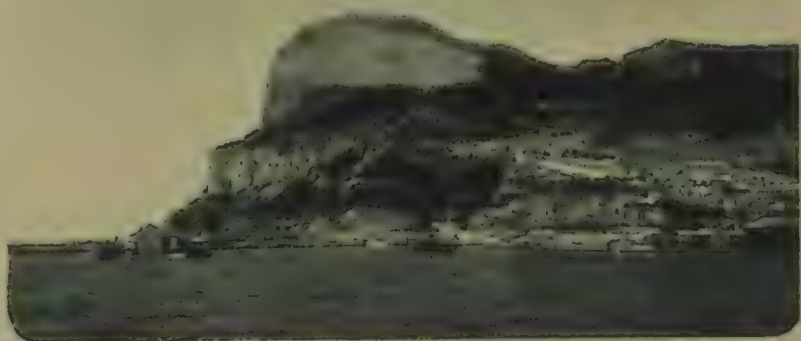
THE "WINE-DARK" MEDITERRANEAN BREAKING ON PICTURESQUE, SUN-SCORCHED CLIFFS: A VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL COAST-LINE OF MAJORCA, AT MIRAMAR, NEAR PALMA, THE CAPITAL.

(Photograph by "White Star.")

wooded hills, o'ertopped by the Royal Palace of Pena, and a castle of the Moors, crowns the visit to Lisbon.

And now away south, over a calm, azure sea and in brilliant sunshine, to Funchal, Madeira's capital, terraced on the hillside amidst a wealth of trees, flowers, and ferns, with lofty mountain ranges screening it from northern winds. A funicular takes you up to the restaurant Terreiro da Lucta, over 3000 ft. above sea-level; and as you ascend you pass through delightful and constantly varying scenery, to gain, from the plateau on which you alight, a wonderful panoramic view of Funchal and its harbour below; and then descend to it by toboggan—a thrilling and memorable experience. Further south still, to Las Palmas, capital and port of Grand Canary, an attractive town, with a casino amidst the pleasant grounds of the Alameda, and an opera house. From Las Palmas you can take delightful drives into the country, amongst the hills and dales, and see plantations of the famed Canary banana and of sugar-cane, and avenues of palms, and gain interesting glimpses of peasant life.

Then we steer north and west, to the coast of Africa and Casablanca, in Morocco, a modern port on an ancient site, but with a population of over a hundred thousand, one-third European. The attraction here is a visit to Rabat, a typical old-world Moroccan port, where you will see colourful scenes of Berber



A FINE VIEW OF THE "KEY OF THE MEDITERRANEAN": THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, THE HARBOUR AND THE TOWN.—(Photograph by "White Star.")

life and buildings of Berber architecture—one, in particular, a gateway leading to the Kasba of the Oudafa, of twelfth-century construction. Rabat has helped to make history, for it was here that the contingents assembled for the Holy War against Spain, and it was at one time a rival corsair port of the famous Saltee, which Defoe immortalised in "Robinson Crusoe."

Along the coast of Morocco to "Gib.," impressive, rich in interest, historic and otherwise. Here Africa, Europe, and the East meet, and the strange combination of Oriental and African vendors, European shops and hotels, and a British naval station and military fortress is fascinating in the incongruity of its elements. A glance at the Rock towering above you, from Casemates Square; a visit to Moorish Castle, the oldest building in Gibraltar; and a walk to Europa Point are worth the trouble; and you can cross Spanish Town to Algeciras; and when you return, before leaving "Gib.," take a glass of its dry sherry!

Next, Palma, capital of Majorca, on a splendid bay. From afar you see the fine outlines of its noble cathedral. Palma has a history stretching back to Roman times. It was once occupied by the Moors, and relics of those days remain. In Bellver Castle once dwelt Mallorca's kings, and then came Spanish rule. Mallorcan life has its own peculiar "atmosphere," and you see it in Palma.

The island has fascinating coastal and mountain scenery, within easy access, over good roads, at Miramar, Soller, Deya, Alcudia, Manacor, and Pollenza. Through the Straits of Bonifacio, a scene of rugged, rocky grandeur, to Naples and its incomparable bay, there to revel in the riches of its magnificent palaces and their works of art, splendid churches, the treasures in sculpture of its museum, its handsome buildings and thoroughfares, and its teeming, many-sided life. One of the finest views of Naples and its busy and extensive port, of Vesuvius, and of the coast as far as the Sorrentine peninsula, is from the hill of Pizzofalcone: seeing which you will be tempted to betake yourself to Sorrento and the rocks and Blue Grotto of Capri; perchance, also, to make the ascent of Vesuvius. Further, a visit to Naples must include Pompeii and Herculaneum.



WALKING INTO THE PAST: THE TEMPLE OF JOVE, EXCAVATED FROM THE RUINS OF POMPEII, AND SHOWING HOW THOROUGHLY THE WORK OF RESTORATION HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.—(Photograph by "White Star.")

Across the Tyrrhenian Sea to Palermo, Sicily's enchanting capital, once a Phoenician settlement, then Carthaginian, Roman, Byzantine, Saracen, Norman, and Bourbon in turn. Here is a city with wonderful buildings of the past, from Norman and Saracen days onwards, set in the midst of groves of orange and lemon, with a background of lofty mountains, and a modern quarter, by the sea; of hotels that are palatial, lovely gardens, and a spacious promenade. Near by is Monreale, which has a cathedral, the most beautiful Norman building in Sicily; and within motoring distance is Segesta, where yet stands, in isolated grandeur, an ancient Greek theatre, relic of the days when Greece was the dominant cultural force in the Sicilian isle. A short journey brings one to Malta, and the view of Valetta, with its battlemented walls and its terraced roads, on a rocky ridge, as you pass into the fine harbour, is very striking. Ashore, you will delight in the quaint, narrow streets, paved with stone and ending with steep flights of steps, and the old, many-storeyed houses. There are buildings of mediæval times, when Malta was held by the Knights of St. John expelled by the Turks from Rhodes—palaces, cathedral, churches, and forts. And there are splendid buildings of a later period, entitling Valetta to high architectural rank. Malta has little in the way of scenery, but a visit to its old capital, Citta Vecchia, is interesting for the antiquities one sees there.



TANGIER, A BRITISH OUTPOST IN AFRICA AT THE TIME OF CHARLES II.: A TYPICAL DARK, NARROW ALLEY-WAY, WITH THE VERANDAHS ALMOST MEETING OVERHEAD; AND VEILED WOMEN.

(Photograph by "White Star.")

From Malta to Beirut, on the coast of Syria, and then we have traversed the Mediterranean from west to east. We take advantage of our stay here in this beautiful port, backed by the range of the mountains of Lebanon—where Egypt once held sway, then Herod the Great, and afterwards the Crusaders, till its capture by Saladin—to visit Damascus, and "The Street Which is Called Straight," and the wonderful ruins of Baalbek. Then, steaming on, we reach Haifa, on the Bay of Acre, port of Palestine, and starting-point for the journey by rail to Jerusalem—the city sacred to us all.

We re-embark for Port Said, with little of interest in itself, save that here East does meet West, and the entrance to the famous Canal is a sight well worth seeing; but where we entrain for Cairo. This is a city of great splendour, where the very old civilisation and the very new are side by side, with the mysteries of the Pyramids at hand, and the great, silent desert; and as we go to it, and return, we have glimpses of the majestic Nile, and the lands about it,



A PHOTOGRAPH LIKE AN AMBITIOUS DROP-SCENE, BUT NONE THE LESS "REAL": AN IMPRESSIVE VIEW OF VESUVIUS AND THE BAY OF NAPLES, SEEN FROM SORRENTO.—(Photograph by "White Star.")

gleaming green. And then westwards, along by sunny North African shores, to the home port, making a pause at Tangier to explore its bazaars and narrow streets, see its veiled women, priests, and charmers of snakes, listen to tellers of ancient tales, and to makers of music from strange instruments, and to view, in this curious compound of Moroccan port and international settlement, the remains of the English Mole and York Castle, where once trod the Englishmen who held this African outpost for England—"Kirke's Lambs."



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CRUISING HOLIDAYS FOR THE SPRINGTIME: SOME TOURS TO THE FAVOURITE MEDITERRANEAN AND ATLANTIC PORTS.

THE cruising season has begun already, in the case of long-distance cruises—to the West Indies, the South Atlantic, and elsewhere, and the end of February will see the popular short-distance cruises to Mediterranean and Atlantic ports in full swing. The following are the cruising sailings during the months of February, March, and April: The Canadian Pacific liner *Duchess of Atholl* (20,000 tons), leaves



ON ONE OF THE CUNARD LINE'S PLEASURE-CRUISES, WHICH INCLUDE, THIS SPRING, TOURS BOTH SHORT AND LONG TO THE MEDITERRANEAN AND EASTERN ATLANTIC SEA-BOARDS: THE "AQUITANIA" LYING OFF VILLEFRANCHE, ON THE RIVIERA.—(Photograph by Giletta-Nice.)

Liverpool on Feb. 19 for Cadiz (Seville), Barcelona, Monaco (Monte Carlo), Naples, Palermo, and Palma, nineteen days; and on March 12 for Tangier, Naples, Monaco, Barcelona, and Palma, sixteen days; and on April 2 for Ceuta, Naples, Monaco, Barcelona, and Palma, sixteen days; and the *Montrose* (16,400 tons), starts from Liverpool, on April 20, for Italy, Gallipoli, Turkey, and Greece, on a thirteen-day trip.

The Cunard Line are sending the *Laconia* (20,000 tons) from Southampton on March 10, to

Ceuta, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Madeira, Gibraltar, and Vigo, sixteen days; and on March 28, to Algiers, Cyprus, Haifa, Port Said, Athens, Naples, Civita Vecchia (Rome), and Lisbon, returning to Liverpool, twenty-nine days; the *Lancastria* (17,000 tons), from Liverpool, on March 29, to Lisbon and Vigo, eight days; on April 7 to Gibraltar, Casablanca, Madeira, and Lisbon, thirteen days; and on April 21 to Lisbon, Palma, Barcelona, and Gibraltar, fifteen days.

The White Star Line have the *Britannic* (27,000 tons), leaving Liverpool on Feb. 17; for Palma, Villefranche (Nice and Monte Carlo), Palermo, Athens, Rhodes, Cyprus, Beyrout, Haifa, Alexandria (Egypt), Naples, Villefranche, and Tangier, thirty-two days; the *Laurentic* (19,000 tons), March 23, from Liverpool, for Dublin, Gibraltar, Civita Vecchia (Rome), Palma, and Ceuta, nineteen days; the *Homer* (35,000 tons), from Southampton on March 24, for Gibraltar, Barcelona, Monaco, Ajaccio, Algiers, and Tangier, fourteen days; the *Doric* (16,500 tons) from Liverpool, on March 29, for Lisbon, Palma, Barcelona, and Ceuta, fourteen days; the *Adriatic* (25,000 tons), from Liverpool, March 29, for Gibraltar, Villefranche, Malta, Algiers, and Lisbon, seventeen days; and the *Doric* leaves Liverpool again on April 17 for Gibraltar, Civita Vecchia, Malaga, Tangier, and Gibraltar, sixteen days.

The Orient Line have the *Orontes* (20,000 tons) down for a twenty-four day cruise from Southampton, on March 10, to Gibraltar, Malta, Rhodes, Cyprus, Beyrout (Damascus), Jaffa (Jerusalem), Port Said (Cairo), Alexandria, Naples and Tangier; and again, on April 7, also for twenty-four days, to Vigo, Casablanca, Philippeville, Constantinople, Athens, Palermo, Palma and Lisbon. The Orient Line also make special arrangements for touring the Mediterranean on their regular liners, in conjunction with those of the P. and O., Union-Castle, Bibby, Blue Funnel, Aberdeen and Commonwealth, Rotterdam Lloyd, and Nederland Royal Mail Lines; and they make a feature of a return trip to Palma, in Majorca, by their outward and homeward steamers to Australia.



THE SOCIAL SIDE OF PLEASURE-CRUIISING: AN AFTERNOON CHAT WITH THE CAPTAIN FORMS A PLEASANT INTERLUDE ON BOARD A CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER; ONE OF THE FLEET THAT WILL TOUR THE EASTERN ATLANTIC AND THE MEDITERRANEAN THIS SPRING.

(Photograph by "Photographic Advertising, Ltd.")

The Royal Mail Line announce two cruises by the *Atlantis* (16,000 tons), from Southampton on March 29, to Las Palmas, Freetown (Sierra Leone), Bathurst (Gambia), Madeira, and Lisbon, twenty days; and again on April 29 to Algiers, Port Said, Haifa (Jerusalem), Rhodes, Athens, and Tunis, twenty-six days; and the Blue Star Line and the B. and N. Line have each one—the former by the *Arandora Star*, on April 13, from Southampton, to Casablanca, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Tripoli, the Straits of Messina, Naples, Malaga, and Corunna, and the latter by the *Stella Polaris*, on April 26, to Monaco, Messina, Corfu, Itea (Delphi), Athens, Santorin (Aegean Isles), Jaffa (Jerusalem), Port Said (Cairo), Tunis (Carthage), and Marseilles, twenty days.

The P. and O. cruises do not start until the end of June, but special arrangements have been made by this line to enable a tour to be made to Ceylon, by making use of the outward and homeward liners on their Australian and Far Eastern services. For instance, the *Carthage* (15,000 tons) and the *Strathaird* (22,500 tons) are leaving London on Feb. 16 and 23, respectively, and Marseilles seven days later, for Colombo, which port will be reached on March 4 and 10. A stay of ten days will be made there, occupied



A FLOATING, CRUISING "LIDO": PASSENGERS ENJOYING LIFE ON THE UPPER AFTER-DECK OF THE WHITE STAR LINER "HOMERIC," WHICH LEAVES SOUTHAMPTON IN MARCH FOR GIBRALTAR, BARCELONA, MONACO, AJACCIO, ALGIERS, AND TANGIER.—(Photograph by "White Star.")

Naples, Malaga, and Corunna, and the latter by the *Stella Polaris*, on April 26, to Monaco, Messina, Corfu, Itea (Delphi), Athens, Santorin (Aegean Isles), Jaffa (Jerusalem), Port Said (Cairo), Tunis (Carthage), and Marseilles, twenty days.

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by a planned tour through Ceylon, which will give the tourists an opportunity of seeing Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa, with their ruins of the ancient capitals of Ceylon, Kandy, with its Temple of the Sacred Tooth and its lovely tropical gardens, and the delightful hill station of Nuwara Eliya, tea gardens, rubber and cocoa plantations, and much of the best of the magnificent scenery of Ceylon. The return journey will be made by the *Comorin* (15,000 tons) and the *Mooltan* (21,000 tons), arriving at London on April 13 and 20. The P. and O. also arrange tours in Australia and China and Japan, in conjunction with their regular sailings, at an inclusive price, and a round-the-world tour, by way of Egypt, Ceylon, British Malaya, China, Japan, and Canada, or the U.S.A.

The Bibby Line make a speciality of a return trip from Liverpool to either Tangier and Gibraltar, or to Marseilles, by their regular liners on the Ceylon and Burma service. The attraction of their arrangement is that you can stay in port for a few days, and return by the next homeward steamer, or for a few weeks, or even longer.

Another very pleasant and out-of-the-way tour this season of the year is to Brazil and the Amazon, by the Booth Line steamer *Hilary*, which is specially fitted for travel in the Tropics. The journey is made by way of Leixões, on the coast of Portugal, the port for Oporto, and

an opportunity is afforded of making a visit to this charming old city, the second largest in Portugal, with a very fine cathedral, and a church—that of São Martinho de Cedro Feita—of which the earliest portion is said to have been built by Theodomir, king of the Visigoths, in 559, to receive the relics of St. Martin of Tours. The city has an old quarter, with steep and narrow lanes, which is exceedingly picturesque, and the Ruas das Flores, or Street of the Gold- and Silversmiths, is of peculiar interest, with its remarkable display of gold and silver filigree-work and enamelled gold; while no visit to Oporto could be complete without an inspection of one of its famous

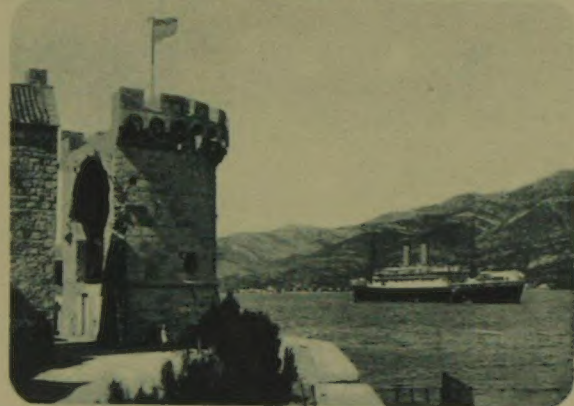
wine lodges and a glass of delicious port! Lisbon is visited next, giving time for a good view of this beautiful and extremely historical capital, and for a motor drive to Cintra and Estoril; and then the steamer heads for Madeira, giving ample time ashore there, and proceeds across the Atlantic in its calmest part, affording a splendid opportunity for sun-bathing and deck games, and of enjoying life on board ship to the full.

The first Brazilian port to be reached is that of Pará, at the mouth of the Amazon. Pará, known officially as Belem, is a city of

236,402 in population, and it has a history which goes back to the year 1615, when it was founded by Francisco Caldeira de Sastello-Branco, to prevent a settlement by Dutch and English settlers. It has a cathedral, a palace for its Governor, a little English church, an aquarium, and a Zoological Gardens containing a fine collection of Amazonian fauna. A visit to its quaint market is well worth while.

From Pará, its gateway, you proceed up the River Amazon for a thousand miles, at first over a very wide stretch of water, and then, in "The Narrows," the region of the Thousand Islands, you wind your way through twisting waterways of yellow flood, and between great belts of jungle, where you gain glimpses now and then of small riverside pile settlements, where live the half-wild folk who gather wild rubber; and then, entering the Rio Negre, very soon make the port of Manaus, a thousand miles from the sea! Several days are spent here, in the Capital of the Jungle, and expeditions are arranged to the beautiful Falls of Taruma, on the way to which you are paddled through the heart of dense Amazonian jungle, with its amazing luxuriance of vegetation, and by river steamer to the Rio Solimões and the lagoons, to see one of nature's most wonderful sights—fields of the giant Victoria Regina water-lily. The journey up, and down, the Amazon is a revelation of the wild life of the jungle which is delightful, surprising, and fraught with the deepest interest.

Information of every kind concerning cruises is supplied by Messrs. Thos. Cook and Sons, and passages are booked at their Head London Office, in Berkeley Street, or at any of their branches in London, the Provinces, Scotland, or Ireland. A cruising list is published by Messrs. Cook which is free on request from any of their offices, as also are their services in connection with cruise-planning and the reservation of cabins. Messrs. Cook's long experience of travel arrangements enables them to offer the most valuable assistance, and not only before the start of a cruise, but in the various ports of call, where one of their branch offices is almost sure to be found. Often a representative of Cook's travels with the cruising liner, to assist clients.



EXPLORING THE WILD, ROMANTIC COAST OF DALMATIA: AN ORIENT LINER ON A PLEASURE-CRUISE, LYING OFF THE ISLAND OF CURZOLA, IN THE COURSE OF ONE OF THE MANY SUCCESSFUL MEDITERRANEAN TOURS ORGANISED BY THAT COMPANY.—(Photograph by Orient Line.)



ENJOYING TO THE FULL THE BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF SUNSHINE AND EXERCISE ON A PLEASURE-CRUISE: THE BATHING-POOL, A VERY POPULAR INSTITUTION ON THE ROYAL MAIL LINER "ATLANTIS"; WHICH SAILS FROM SOUTHAMPTON IN MARCH ON AN ATLANTIC TOUR.

(Photograph by Royal Mail Lines.)



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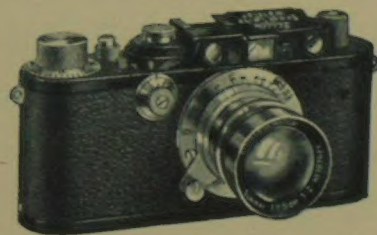
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BALLETS JOOSS," AT THE GAIETY.

THERE are some, with no eye for rhythm and less ear for music, who find the best ballet tedious. Here we have something that can scarcely fail to appeal to any type of playgoer. Satire is the *motif*, and miming is the driving power. "The Green Table" is too well known now, if not by sight, at least by hearsay, to need description. It is enough to say that this cynical study of the effects of peace conferences on war is as biting to-day as it has ever been. "Impressions of a Great City" is a gripping study of life in those districts where the factory-hooter takes the place of the early-morning lark. "A Ball in Old Vienna" is a delicious impression of a bygone period; while "The Seven Heroes," a fairy-tale from the Brothers Grimm, with music by Henry Purcell, is so riotously funny that it will assuredly appeal as much to a child as to a grandfather.



VISITING THE UNITED STATES AGAIN, WITH OTHER WHISKY MAGNATES: MR. WILLIAM HARRISON, O.B.E., J.P.

Mr. Harrison, who sailed on the "Bremen" on February 3, is the Managing Director of Messrs. James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., and is also a Director of The Distillers Company, Ltd.

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"SPRING, 1600," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

Well-intentioned, rather than exciting, is Mr. Emlyn Williams's effort to put Shakespeare on the stage. True, we only get a brief glimpse of the poet, but the whole play is pregnant with his personality.

The first act is rather like the scenario for a romantic opera. There is the heroine unwillingly betrothed; the maids and villagers rehearsing madrigals, what time the heroine, threading her way carefully between them, waves an adieu as she slips over the garden wall and, donning a boy's clothes, joins a band of strolling players. The second act has more atmosphere, though only of a Wardour Street kind. It is the bed-chamber of Richard Burbage, who, in bed with his spouse, rehearses his company. Some fun and liveliness, for which Mr. Frank Pettingell is mainly responsible; he plays the rôle of an elderly female impersonator with a great sense of humour and entire absence of offence. The rôle of the heroine, who joins Master Burbage's company disguised as a boy, for love of him, is now side-tracked. For Burbage neither realises her love nor her sex, and instead, falls into the arms of a wanton played by Miss Isabel Jeans. He is saved from disgrace on the eve of the opening of his Globe Theatre by his practical wife—a good performance by Miss Margaret Webster, whose rôle was the only one to come to life.

"MR. WHITTINGTON," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

A musical comedy of the conventional type, but good of its kind, and one that will be particularly appreciated by admirers of Mr. Jack Buchanan, in that he is on the stage most of the time. The plot has at least the merit of plenty of action. Dick Whittington, having lost a fortune and pawned his last cuff-link in order to back an outsider for the Derby, is knocked down during a fog in Piccadilly. Fogs are fortunately rather rare in London on the eve of the Derby, but, as it gives the hero an excuse for dreaming a dream in the casualty ward of a hospital, it may be forgiven. He dreams that he is contesting an election; fighting his future father-in-law at the Albert Hall for his daughter's hand; "corner man" at a sort of Christy Minstrel meeting of the L.C.C.; and riding the winner of the Derby. The resources of even so huge a stage as the

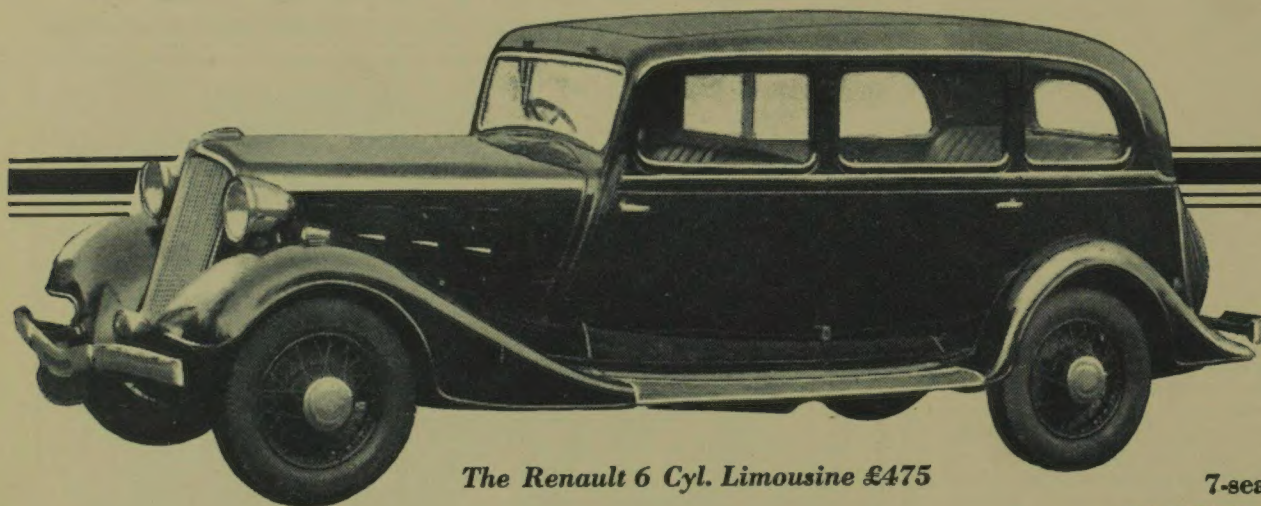
London Hippodrome's having been exhausted by these scenes, his other adventures have to be described by means of a "news reel." And very amusing it is, too.

Mr. Jack Buchanan must have had a most interesting time meeting the celebrities with whom he is filmed. Mr. Gordon Richards is seen congratulating him on winning the Derby; Mr. Chapman leading him in to take first knock at a Test Match; Mr. Newman being defeated in a billiards match. All very ingenious in its way, and should be distinctly popular among audiences for which these "large-type" shows are designed. Mr. Jack Buchanan is at his best; Miss Elsie Randolph partners him in many melodious songs and nimble dances; Mr. Alfred Drayton shows astonishing agility in the boxing ring; and Mr. Fred Emney displays a fine sense of comedy as a fatuous friend of the hero.



SETTING OUT TO EXPLORE THE SEAWEED-COVERED SARGASSO SEA: THE "ATLANTIS" LEAVING WOOD'S HOLE, MASSACHUSETTS.

An expedition to probe the mysteries of the Sargasso Sea sailed from Massachusetts, our correspondent informs us, on January 20. The Sargasso Sea is a tract of the North Atlantic covered with floating seaweed; but the widely credited belief that the weed is so thick as to embed ships beyond possibility of escape was long ago disproved.



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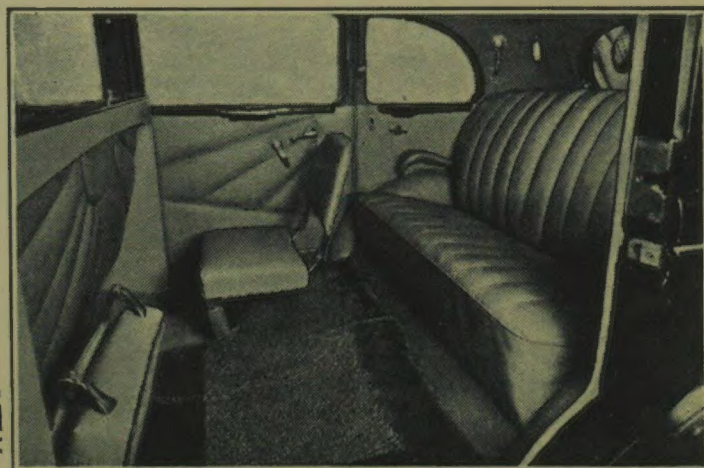
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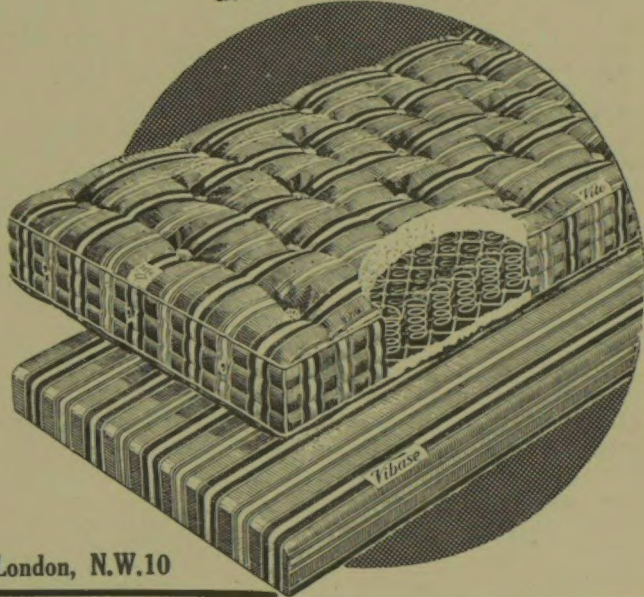
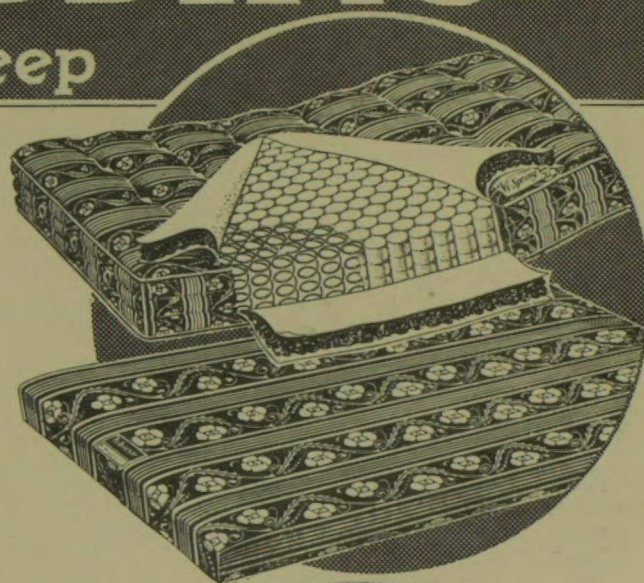
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